

Vol. XIII

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## A VICTIM OF SLANDER

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUMORS OF A GREAT SCANDAL.

THIS city is a-buzz with a great rumor of a great scandal. It is to the effect that a certain gentleman prominently identified with the World's Fair, conspicuous in reform movements in politics and in social life, eminent at the local bar, and a factor in the intellectual life of the city, has done something, the exposure of which "would make a terrible sensation." The rumor has a thousand shapes, and as many differing details. Reference to it in carefully guarded fashion have been made in one or two minor publications. The one point upon which all the rumors agree is that there has been some misappropriation of trust funds committed to the care of the gentleman in question. As the origin of the story cannot be traced, the gentleman is unable to take any action that might meet and silence the anonymous accusations. The MIRROR has taken the trouble to look into the rumor, and after inquiry of those alone qualified to speak upon the subject authoritatively, is glad to say that so far from there having been anything in the accused gentleman's conduct as a trustee justifying insinuations of violation of trust, the facts show him to have been the victim of deceptions at the hands of those whom he trusted, and that in meeting the emergency which those deceptions created, he acted in a manner the recital of which will not only absolve him of the suspicion of evil-doing, but will show him living up rigorously to his publicly voiced standards of conduct. When a man, in order to make good the errors of those close to him, voluntarily turns over the whole of his own fortune, and furthermore, incurs a heavy obligation to make good the amount to which the extent of his own fortune did not reach, and has met those obligations promptly, and wiped them out, there is surely no justification for slanderous stories that he has been found a defaulter in large sums to estates committed to his care. The very things for which wild rumor now makes him suffer are things which demonstrate him to be a man of inflexible integrity and of self-sacrificing honor. The difficulties in which he was involved arose from the actions of those in whom he reposed trust, and his action immediately upon discovering the manner in which he had been deceived, was such as to establish him more firmly than ever in the esteem and affection of those men of prominence and character in this city with whom he has been identified in his various private and public activities during many years. The gentleman who is now suffering because of irresponsible gossip, vague innuendo and malevolent insinuations is guiltless of any act that would discredit him or stain the name he bears proudly because of its highly honorable place in the history of the city, State and Nation. He has paid stupendously for the faith he had in others, and he has paid cheerfully. He has protected nobly all things that should be sacred to a man, and in nothing has he proven himself more worthy of his ancestry and his own reputation than in the manner in which he has faced unjust detraction and bitter calumny in the community in which he has labored so long and well for every good cause. The MIRROR hopes that the gentleman who has suffered by the rumors referred to will be successful in tracing them to their sources, and that he will be able to bring to justice those slanderers who

have tried to sell their false information to the reputable newspapers or to friends of their victim. The story that has been distorted to the gentleman's discredit, if truly told, will only add to his reputation as a man of the highest courage and of splendid devotion in practice to those public and private ideals for which he has unfailingly pleaded with voice and pen during his entire career.



## WHICH?

[N. B.—In reading the following hard luck story, if you are a Trust Magnate, eliminate the upper lines in the brackets. If, however, you are a Champion of Labor, forget about the lower lines. If neither the one nor the other, read both versions, and then decide which makes the pleasanter reading.]

SEVERAL years ago, in the town of X, lived a merchant who, by dint of hard work and honest dealing, managed to earn a decent livelihood. But lately the town of X has been getting all the modern improvements, and among them came the [Trusts Unions].

Immediately upon their arrival, the [Trusts Unions] announced the the good merchant the following: "By virtue of an order of the great [J. Pierpont John Mitchell], you must now pay twice the [price wages] for half the amount of [goods work] you received formerly." But the merchant, who had a will of his own, said: "I'll be hanged if I do," to which the [Trusts Unions] replied: "You'll be hanged if you don't."

The merchant, however, found [an independent dealer] and [bought of him, but within two weeks the] [Trusts Unions] had [frozen out the dealer] [scared off the "scab"] [by dynamite].

—New York Life.



## McLEOD'S BOODLE BLAST

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

MR. FOLK'S friend, Mr. N. W. McLeod, has intimated that everyone who doubts the advisability of the Democrats nominating Mr. Folk for Governor of Missouri is either a boodler or the friend of boodlers.

That, of course, is a lie. And it's worse. For it's bad politics. No candidate's spokesman should attack in such a manner the entire opposition to his chieftain.

When Mr. McLeod also refers to Mayor Reed of Kansas City as the candidate of boodlers, or the friend of boodlers, he makes another mistake. Many things may be said against Mayor Reed, but not the thing that Mr. McLeod has said. Mr. Reed's honesty has never been questioned, even by his bitter newspaper enemies, the Kansas City Star and the Kansas City Journal. And it is a fact known of all who know anything of Kansas City affairs that every boodler known or suspected in that city is violently opposed to Mr. Reed's ambitions, while some of that kind of people are in the Folk band wagon.

Lying will not help Mr. Folk's campaign. And off-hand epistolary indictments are not calculated to convict people of high crime and misdemeanor. The indictment by letter will not serve Mr. Folk as well as the indictment by newspaper publication leaking from his office has served to damage reputations of men he could not legally reach, during his investigatorial activity in St. Louis. Because Mr. Folk thinks, or says,



that some one is guilty of something, it does not necessarily follow that the person so attacked is a criminal.

Mr. Folk's manager, although Mr. Folk repudiates the designation of Mr. McLeod as manager, intimates that Mr. Hawes, in some undefined way, is to receive the votes of the St. Louis delegation to the State Convention in defiance of law and morality and the popular will. Mr. Hawes is not yet a declared candidate, but the precipitate Mr. McLeod takes a whack at him anyhow, and assumes that crookedness will prevail in Mr. Hawes' behalf as in Mr. Reed's.

Here we have the nub of the whole Folk campaign. Everybody against Folk is for boodle. Everybody but Folk is crooked. There is no God but God, and Folk is greater than He. For God lets other people live and tolerates their weakness, but Folk won't. Folk would eliminate everybody, by indictment, by letter or inspired newspaper articles, who doesn't believe in him. You needn't be for Reform, however, to stand well with Reform's high priest, Folk. You may be as crooked as a dog's hind leg, but if you're for Folk you'll not be interfered with.

Just get in the wagon and shout for Folk and all your sins are washed away. Behold, Tony Stuever in this great act; Tony of Home Brewery fame, Tony of the Hashagen saturnalia, as Mr. Folk's guide, philosopher and friend in South St. Louis. Think of Folk, the pious, campaigning astraddle of a beer keg.

If Mr. Hawes is a boodler, why hasn't Folk indicted him? Folk had half a dozen chances to do so, in half a dozen investigations directed at Mr. Hawes. If Mr. Hawes has at all plotted to steal the St. Louis delegation from Mr. Folk, why doesn't Mr. Folk indict him or enjoin him, instead of forming an alliance with a man like Tony Stuever? How many politicians in St. Louis who were accused of deviousness during the Governorship of Stephens are for Folk to-day? Are not most of them in Folk's band wagon?

Mr. Folk's manager says the opposition to Folk has millions of money. This is remarkable indeed. The opposition to Folk hasn't seen this money yet. But there's money behind Folk. His literary bureau has been busy for months. Literary bureaus don't run without money. Folk has headquarters open, and headquarters cost money. Folk has at his disposal the sum that was put up to buy him a house. Folk's friends assert that Washington avenue (meaning the merchants along that thoroughfare) will give him unlimited funds, and have already staked him handsomely. Folk organizers are at work in every county. They don't work for their health. But, then, it's only wrong to have money if you are against Folk. Money in elections is a vile evil—unless it's used for Folk. The man who gives up a dollar to help Hawes is a crook; the mogul who gives an hundred dollars to help Folk is a saint.

Mr. Folk's manager says Folk has always been a loyal Democrat. He was very loyal when he was on the ticket. But when since? Did he not twice since his own election refuse to support the party ticket in the city? Didn't he decline to say a word in support of Mayor Wells' administration? Didn't he hang off until the eleventh hour before writing a pale and emasculated, and thin-gruel endorsement of the present excellent Democratic Circuit Judges? Did he not lend countenance and support to a lie against Mayor Wells? Was not Mayor Wells accused of thwarting Folk's efforts to convict hoodlers? Did not Mr. Folk refuse to deny the charge? When Mr. Folk refused to deny the charge, had he not then received more than \$12,000 collected by Mayor Wells to prosecute hoodlers? And wasn't a thousand dollars or more of that total a gift out of Mayor Wells' own pocket? Did Mr. Folk, an office-holding Democrat, say a single good word for

the present excellent City Council, when the majority thereof were candidates for election? Would Mr. Folk attend any meeting of the Democrats to which he was invited, and was he not ready at an instant's notice to set up a howl when he was not invited to meetings by gentlemen tired of his flabby excuses?

Mr. Folk has never done anything for his party since he was a candidate. He has never done anything political that wasn't for Folk. He has signalized his character, especially, in turning upon Hawes, his former personal friend, and the man who made him Circuit Attorney and demi-god. Folk is for Folk. He has never once figured as a Democrat since he got his office. And when he was a candidate for office, it is alleged that he visited Jim Cronin's saloon to remind that worthy statesman that he, Folk, should get as many votes on election day as were to be cast for Jim Butler, at that time a candidate for Congress. If there was "stuffing" to be done, he, if this story be true, wanted his share of the benefit. Yet, when Mr. Butler was nominated again, the man who shared in the benefit of every illegal vote given Butler the first time, could not say a word for Butler on the stump. If Butler was not legally elected the first time he ran, neither was Folk. But Folk never investigated his own election.

Mr. Folk is determined, evidently, to throw muck upon everybody who opposes him. If that is the way he thinks a campaign should be conducted, well and good. But not even Mr. Folk can indict a whole party or a whole State, even as his friend, Lincoln J. Steffens, indicted the entire population of this city in the *McLure* article entitled "The Shamelessness of St. Louis." "There were brave men before Agammemnon." There were honest men before Folk. There had to be honest men to make Folk what he is, though it is rough that they should have made him what he thinks he is. Mayor Reed fought boodlers in Kansas City before Folk was heard of. Harry B. Hawes fought boodlers in politics before Folk was thought of as a candidate for anything. At the caucus in which Folk was named, Hawes was the only man who vouched for him. It was Hawes who smashed Ziegenheimism, and in doing so gave Folk his opportunity to uncover the crookedness that flourished under Ziegenheim's rule. Folk is not the only Democrat who fought boodle. Attorney General Crow has done his share. The police department in St. Louis, under Democratic authority, co-operated with Mr. Folk's grand juries to the capture of boodle criminals.

Mr. Folk's manager says that ninety per cent of the Democrats of the State are for Folk for Governor. How does he know this? Folk's most strenuous support has come from Republican papers. There has been no expression of opinion on the gubernatorial issue by the Democrats as a party. Very few of the party leaders have declared themselves on the question, yet Mr. Folk's manager assumes that most of them are for the boodlers. The assumption is unwarranted. They may not have declared for Folk, but that is not equivalent to an admission that they are for boodle and for boodlers. The "machine" has not even had one meeting since Mr. Folk became a candidate. There are some machine men for Folk out in the State, just as there are old machine men like Tony Stuever and Jim Carlisle for him in this city. And Col. William H. Swift is no novice in practical politics. He knows the ropes and can work them. He can also get money. He's no spotless saint of reform.

Mr. Folk may win the Democratic nomination for Governor by accusing all his opponents of crookedness, but I doubt it. He may be the only honest Democrat in Missouri, but I doubt it. The first moves in his candidacy are an insult to the whole party, and the party will not stand for it. They only know Folk as a

mushroom reformer—and maybe a toadstool. They know other candidates better, know them for what they've done through many years. They only know Folk in his pose in the limelight. They will, at least, wait for some time before accepting his attitude that he is the only pure being in a whole city, a whole party, a whole State. The party wants to hear something from Mr. Folk other than abuse of his rivals on unwarranted assumptions. The party would like to know if he is going to confine himself to a revel in the political feculence he has uncovered, or whether he is able to see anything or anybody that isn't smirched.

Mr. Folk may be a very good man—doubtless is. But the Missouri Democrats won't take him at his own valuation as a god. He will have to be nominated on what he proves himself to be, not on the strength of all the dirt he can fling at other people.

As for Mr. McLeod: one blast upon his boodle horn is worth a thousand votes—to some candidate other than Mr. Folk.



## REFLECTIONS

### Letters about Love

YES; I have read the Kempton-Wace letters, and sorry am I that I did so. They're all about love, as if love were analyzable, as if it could be vivisected, as if anybody knew anything about it, or cared anything about it as a problem. Then, when people who are prigs, get to writing on such a subject they make one tired. The letters are stiltedly unnatural. The writers are writing to themselves, not to their correspondents, and the result is unpleasant. My conclusion is that the author and the authoress of this book never were in love with anybody but themselves. If they ever were, they wouldn't be writing about it so voluminously. Then, again, real love isn't worrying about how much of mere sex goes to the making up of the sentiment. The sexual instinct, of course, has play in love, but not so much as to dominate the sentiment. When people begin to philosophize about love, they are more concerned with their own intellectual agility than they are with the passion. There's nothing about love but just love, and when people begin introspecting they quit loving other people, and become enamored of themselves. Love doesn't have to be explained to be enjoyed. If you're in love you don't understand it, and nobody else has any need to understand it. The love of "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" is one phase of the passion. The love of the Chevalier for *Manon Lescaut* is another phase of it. Dante's adoration of Beatrice is still another. About all that anybody knows of either sort of love is that it strikes when and where least expected, that it is a happy unhappiness or an unhappy happiness, and that it is about the only sentiment in which selfishness is smitten into selflessness. Some people say that there is a good love and a bad love. The people who say it, never say their own love is the bad love. But here am I philosophizing upon the fool philosophers who worry about love. There never was any one yet who was in love without being the better for it, yea, even though, like *Launcelot* and *Guinevere*, or *Paola* and *Francesca*, they went to hell for it. The people who want to measure Love by Reason, want to divide a bushel of potatoes by a pound of butter. Reason goes into Love no times; Love puts abstract Reason out of business. It may be folly, it may be sin—but who will deny that it is glorious? The Kempton-Wace letters are bad literature. They are essentially bad when Mr. Wace is most priggishly scientific. They are offensive in their inability to get far away from the subject of procreation. Melikes not those people who cannot get away in their philoso-



phy from their genitals. That is the supreme banality; it is a mark of intellectual immaturity. Victims of the physical analogue of such mental condition are put away in asylums. Mr. Wace of these letters should be in a strait-jacket. When I find a man insisting that men shall be bred as cattle are bred, "for points," I am convinced that he has only a cattle-like apprehension of what love means. These letters of Wace's are full of such rotten pseudo-science. And the worst of it is that this attitude, taken at first, as a pose, comes, before the book ends, to be a genuine delusion. The book has been vaunted as a revelation. 'Tis nothing of the sort. "What's true in it is not new, and what's new in it is not true." The woman in the book—well, if there's a real woman back of the book anywhere, God help her! She is therein most pitilessly pilloried even at her best, and she must feel, if she be alive or unlost to shame, as if she had been made the subject of a medical demonstration at a crowded clinic of prurient-minded students. The Kempton-Wace letters! Not for me. And really now, don't we all prefer just to love along in our own way, without analyzing ourselves or the objects of our love, without doing anything literary with our love except letting it show in our work. All the world loves a lover—but not the lover who can take time off to study his or her feelings under a microscope. If one wants to find the only writing about love that is worth while he must turn to work in which there is no effort to do anything but express love. You can find it in Shakespeare, in Mrs. Browning's Sonnets, in Bobby Burns, with plenty of sex in it, too, in the "Letters of a Portuguese Nun," in Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's most blunt "Love Sonnets of Proteus," and, to come down to our own very present day, in Ernest McGaffey's "Sonnets to a Wife." And none of these attempt to analyze or vivisection love. The Kempton-Wace letters are useless. They won't teach anybody how to love. They won't help anyone out of love who is in—if anyone ever wished such release. Everybody ought to be in love; with the right person, of course, but with the wrong person in preference to being in love with oneself. It's better to be a sinner than a prig. The world will forgive the first before the second, and somehow, I fancy that God will, too—for whoso has loved much, the same shall be forgiven.



#### The Terminal Concessions

THE Terminal Association has made every concession demanded by the business men of St. Louis. It will give a through bill of lading on all shipments to and from St. Louis. It will build a new depot at the foot of Washington avenue. It will expend \$2,000,000 in extending the terminals on this side of the river. It will give \$250,000 towards making a beautiful plaza opposite Union Station. It will permit new railroads to enter the city over the terminal tracks on the same terms as those now constituting the Association. It will pay the \$150,000 it doesn't owe on account of the Clark avenue bridge that was never built. Surely there is nothing more the city could in reason demand. Surely there is nothing now in the way of the passage of the terminal's loop bill, subway bill and Atlantic street bill. A jeer is heard in some quarters that the Association has been "forced" to the concessions recorded above. That is hardly fair. There is nothing the Terminal Association has conceded that was not contemplated in its original plans. Even the through bill of lading was considered advisable by the Association from the beginning, but it could only be provided by the individual roads composing the Association. As to the expenditure upon terminals on this side of the river, that was the reason the Association asked for the Atlantic street vacation ordinance in the first place, and for the loop from the Eads Bridge to

the Levee. The Association has always been ready to support the movement to construct a plaza or park opposite the Union Station as soon as the city was ready. The Washington avenue depot, too, was involved in future plans of the Association when it first asked permission to extend its facilities. The Terminal Association has met the committee of the Business Men's League in anything but a hostile or backward spirit, and the negotiations were without friction. When the Association learned what the business men wanted of it, there was no delay or difficulty in reaching an agreement. It is hoped, now, that the Municipal Assembly will promptly pass the bills authorizing the Association to go ahead with its work of enlarging its facilities. The work must be done in time for the opening of the World's Fair. President McChesney will carry out the Terminal Association's promises to the letter as soon as the city gives him the right to do so. There is no time to be lost—not a day. The best evidence that the Terminal Association has been acting in the matter in the best of good faith, and with intent to meet the desires of the business community is to be found in the fact that all the time negotiations have been pending upon conditions to the Association's right to use the public thoroughfares, the Association has been working night and day upon those parts of its general plan of extension and enlargement which could be forwarded without empowering legislation, upon the Association's own property. All the work that did not need municipal authorization has been almost completed. This is a fact that the fierce critics of the Association have not made public to its credit. It is a fact that should acquit the Association of any charge of delaying the work through pique over opposition to its original measures. The Municipal Assembly should pass the terminal bills at once.



#### How the Veiled Prophets Help Us

THE Veiled Prophets pageant and ball have passed into history. Both events surpassed the promises made by the organization. The electric feature of the pageant was a revelation of beauty to the people of the city and of the city's tributary territory. The subject matter of the pageant was more instructive than any presented by the Prophets in many years. It had a tone that could not fail to encourage a popular tendency towards culture. The ball was a great social success. The Queen of Love and Beauty and her attendants were worthy of the significant tribute paid their charms. Altogether, the Veiled Prophet festivities justified the great labor and expense involved in their preparation, and especially have they proved a "knock out" to those croakers who have been saying the festivities were "played out," and should be abandoned. This year's pageant will only increase the expectancy of the public next year. The show will not be abandoned. It lightens up the gloom of life for too many people. It provides harmless pleasure for a hundred thousand people. It is a decorous frolic for a number of business and professional men. It draws the people of the whole town together at the ball. It makes for general good feeling. It helps business. It pleases the adults and the children. The Veiled Prophets organization is the best in St. Louis, to my thinking, because it is an organization with no selfish ends. Its members profit nothing by their labor or their self-assessment. They don't play for any political or social purpose. They don't debar non-members from enjoyment of the amusement they provide. They have public spirit of the genuine sort. If they only give the men, women and children of St. Louis a joyous night off once a year, that is something to be thankful for. The Veiled Prophets make us all young for a few hours. They make us forget care. They make us remember that it is well to play at times. May the Veiled Prophets continue to flourish and increase. They are worth whole armies of reformers and evangelists and people generally who tell

us what we ought to do about this, that or the other thing. What we ought to do always is be happy, and without such lures to an occasional happy outpouring of the people, many of us might forget that this world is somewhat of a playground as well as a field for work.



#### Our Swell Society

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH never said that "Mrs. Roosevelt dresses on \$300 a year and looks it." She'd be better off if she had said it, for the thing which appals Mrs. Fish's own "set" in New York is that she did say in St. Louis that Mrs. Astor was eighty-three years old. The 400 are in a fit. *Town Topics*, "the journal of society" throws handsprings all over its sophisticated front page. To sneer at the wife of the President would probably have been considered smart, but to speak irreverently of Mrs. Astor—that's *lese majeste*, and nothing less. *Town Topics* comes back at Mrs. Fish, asserting that she is scarcely less than twenty years Mrs. Astor's junior. The same paper says that Mrs. Fish accuses the 400 of toadying to titles simply because Miss Goelet got Mrs. Mills to "chuck over" a dinner arranged by Mrs. Fish, and give a dinner to the Duke of Roxburghe, who was then courting, but not engaged to Mrs. Goelet—all of which, as the reader will perceive, is of the most supreme importance to the world at large. But even *Town Topics* is grateful to Mrs. Fish for standing up for Harry Lehr, and declaring him "quite an ordinary person." She is approved for denying that he gave a dinner to some pet monkeys at Mrs. Fish's house. Great is New York society! Great is American journalism, when such matters are of moment. By the way, I wonder if the managers of our World's Fair have taken any steps to secure the presence of Harry Lehr at the great show. They should get him, by all means, and make an exhibit of him. If he came the whole 400 would come trailing after him—he is such a rare thing in the 400, "quite an ordinary person." In these days when every person one meets is apt to be a celebrity "quite an ordinary person," such as Harry Lehr, would be quite a curiosity. What, I ask in thunder tones, is the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company doing to get Harry Lehr and the Four Hundred to come to our Fair? The bunch could be put in a building all by themselves. "Mayme" Fish and "Tessie" Oelrichs could do a spitting stunt at certain hours. Mrs. Astor would wear her tiara of diamonds, and Mrs. Ogden Mills her jeweled stomacher at certain other hours, Mr. Lehr could come out here and give Bob Hemingway and Joe Deering and Joe Garneau and Dwight Kinney and all the other wine agents, pointers on how to push a brand of "jolly water." We must have a World's Fair exhibit of the Four Hundred, and the Louisiana Purchase Company Directory couldn't do better than appoint Col. Mann of *Town Topics* special commissioner to secure the attractions, as above, with all the Belmont-Vanderbilt-Sloane divorced and newly doubled-up luminaries we have been reading about for the past ten years. The World's Fair will not be complete without a society exhibit. Just see how one little, foolish interview with Mrs. Fish has advertised St. Louis, and caused more commotion than all our booming of the Fair!



#### Kipling Deteriorated

A NEW book of poems by Rudyard Kipling has made its appearance. Mr. Kipling's poems are not so good as they were. Why? Because Mr. Kipling thinks they are better? When poems are printed with a legend of copyright over each one, they are not so good as poems that burst into the papers before the poet got himself recognized as a commercial proposition. Only good poetry is stolen. None will be stolen from the



## The Mirror

latest book of Kipling, "The Five Nations." These poems are a desperate attempt of Mr. Kipling to echo his earlier self. They are Kipling's imitation of Kipling—therefore, in a measure, bogus. They are intensely conscious. They are palpably political. They would make—some of them did make—good political broadsides, justifying Imperialism, and flouting the Little Englanders. Except in rare instances the songs are lacking in the spontaneity of "Barrack Room Ballads," and "The Seven Seas." Now and then a soldier speaks in the new book with the voice that gripped us in "Mandalay," or "Danny Deever," or "McAndrews' Hymn," but it is rare. Here and there the British soldier has a burst of generous admiration for the Boer, but it doesn't ring sincerely like the famous tribute to the bloomin' beggars that broke a British square in "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," or the story of "Gunga Din." Kipling is touched to true pathos in his lament for Cecil Rhodes, and yet, it isn't what we might have expected in way of in memoriam of such an one from such an one. Kipling is not the Kipling of his earlier songs. He is so much more sophisticated in his art than he was, and yet not enough to hide it. You can see that the poems were written to sell, that they did not spring forth from the necessity of utterance, as did the earlier songs. The verse of this new volume is the verse of the first volume of poems, except for one thing. That's what Kipling himself might call, with the author of "Evelyn Innes," guts. The poet of to-day is pleading a case, criticising a department of government, jawing at administrative incapacity. That may have been justified as patriotic while the war was "on" against the Boers, but it reads thin and flimsy to-day. There's an anti-climax in the idea of the book, where it at all glorifies England. How the dickens could we expect a good poem, let us say, about Goliath trouncing David? That's why there was not one first-class poem stricken from any singer's, soul by our war with Spain. Not even Kipling can celebrate the big fellow in a fight in a way to stir our blood. Poetry springs out of great causes, won or lost. That being so, there is no poetry in the Boer war, except what may come some day from a singer of the Boer downfall. These rhymes of Kipling, for with a few exceptions, they are only rhymes, are interesting examples of his mastery of technique, his skill in words, but they are non-conductors of emotion. The poet does not succeed in working himself up to the pitch that thrills. Even the dialect seems strained and laboriously wrought. There is no largeness of feeling in the songs. They lack sincerity of the sort that we look for in good poetry. They are narrow and local and bigoted in spirit, and they do not appeal to the common humanity, however, they may express, as soldiers might, Mr. Kipling's own view of the blunderful triumph of British arms in South Africa. They are not worthy of the author of "Recessional" or the "Ballads of East and West," or "Mary, Pity Women." Kipling imitating Kipling, is at first an interesting performance, but it degenerates into a sorry one. Politics is bad for poetry. So is commercialism. And politics and commercialism are stamped all over Mr. Kipling's latest volume.



### The President and Mr. Folk

THE President of the United States would appear to be now in process of utilization as a part of the mechanism whereby Mr. Joseph W. Folk is to work for the nomination for Governor by Missouri Democrats. Mr. Folk is to see Mr. Roosevelt about the extradition of St. Louis boodlers from countries now harboring them, although at the time of the commission of the alleged offenses there existed in the treaties with these countries no recognition of boodling or bribery as an extraditable offense. Now, such a thing is

impossible. A man cannot be punished under a law enacted after the fact of his alleged crime. He cannot be made to suffer under a law which did not exist at the time of his alleged offense. Therefore, the conference with the President to the end announced, is a foolish conference. Its result is foreordained—even in so far as there may be calculated for it a result to Mr. Folk's advantage in advertising his efforts as a reformer. That bribery should be made an extraditable offense is true, but that the effort to make it so should be timed so exactly in unison with the political necessities of Mr. Folk's campaign for the nomination for Governor of Missouri; so perfectly pat to the plan to keep Mr. Folk before the people as the unrelenting enemy of the boodler, is proof conclusive that Mr. Folk knows, as a politician, how to make his devotion to duty play a spectacular part in the advancement of his self-interest. The President, we all very justly assume, could insert in his forthcoming message a recommendation embodying the inclusion of bribery among extraditable offenses, without the personal advice of Mr. Folk, but the President is enough of a politician himself to appreciate the applause that may come to him as a supporter of Mr. Folk's great work. There is, of course, nothing heinously reprehensible in the action of either of the great men, but the political utilitarianism of their conference is so clearly seen through that the most inveterate opponent of boodling could hardly be blamed for deeming the performance to be very much beneath the dignity of Mr. Folk, to say nothing of the President of the United States.



### Disparaging Dewey's Victory

THE discrediting of Dewey's victory in Manila bay continues. First it was said that he and his men only sank a few "tubs" anyhow, but there was great praise for the gunnery of Dewey's men. They would have smashed a finer navy by their marksmanship, just the same. But even this credit is now denied the victors in the harbor fight of May 1st, 1898. The work of raising the vessels of the Spanish fleet sunk in the harbor of Manila is now ended. The famous flagship, the *Reina Cristina*, is again afloat, and will be used as a collier. The other vessels will be variously utilized. But the singular fact revealed, according to the *Manila Sunday Sun*, is that "the Spanish ships of war do not bear the mark of an American shell near or below the water line. The Spaniards burned and sank their own vessels, and many of them went to death with their ships in preference to bearing the disgrace of defeat." Not only this, but the *Sun* affirms that, in the opinion of Captain Garry, "the Spaniards set fire to their own vessels and afterward scuttled them. The America shells did not sink them." Captain Garry is the manager of the American company which is raising the vessels. This information, coming from the scene of the battle, and coming supposedly from a loyal American, is startling in the extreme. And yet there is a certain verisimilitude to the truth of Spanish character in this story, at least, to Spanish character as revealed in the war with this country. The sea fight at Santiago culminated in the Spaniards wrecking and sinking their ships wherever they could. It does not seem improbable that the Admiral of Spain commanding at Manila should have done the same thing. But if the ships of the Spaniards at Manila were sunk by the Spaniards, why should we not have known it before? What becomes of our great gunnery, our unerring marksmanship? Dewey is not now a candidate for President, and there is no political excuse for discrediting his victory. Shouldn't we know all about this? Or had we better let it go unnoticed, convinced as we must be by this time, that the "whole business" of the war with Spain was a sort of *Bombastes Furioso* affair on our part? We have swelled ourselves too

much over the conflict, and the less said about it in the light of a look backward at the events thereof, the better it will be for our sense of national pride.



### The Heedless Hun

THE Hungarians seem to be determined to commit political self-destruction. They are hurling defiance at the imperial government. The venerable Francis Joseph has incurred their displeasure by insisting upon the retention of the German language in the Hungarian army. Racial hatred and prejudice are at the bottom of all this uproar at Buda-Pesth. The Hungarians think they are entitled to that kind of autonomy, the granting of which would completely upset the paradoxical, gravely agitated empire of the Hapsburgs. An independent Hungary would not live long. It would be a hot-bed of internal dissensions and revolutions, and soon fall a prey to the ill-repressed ambitions of surrounding nations. The factious Hun should beware. He should be wise, and not add senselessness to "shamelessness." Under the benevolent scepter of Francis Joseph he is doing pretty well. If he were to set up in political business for himself, the fate of unhappy Poland would speedily overtake him. Perhaps the best thing he can do would be to come to America, even if there be signs in the air that he is not wanted here. The antipathy to the Hun in this country will not last, any more than the antipathy of forty years ago to the Irish lasted. This country is still, and, let us hope, will ever be the refuge for "the oppressed of the earth."



### HAWES AND FOLK

BY E. B. WATERWORTH.

TWO political evangelists are Harry B. Hawes and Joseph W. Folk.

Each has taught the community some striking lesson. Each has overthrown some generally accepted belief.

Hawes has shown that political organization does not necessarily mean corruption. Folk has proven that the community will support the public official who does his duty.

These are simple truths and it would not appear that they needed proving. Yet they do. Failure to recognize either has caused much evil in American cities.

Unlike as the two men are personally, each has made his mark in his own way. Each has helped to awaken St. Louis. This awakening may be permanent—in which case this city will take its proper place among municipalities.



It has long been recognized that political machines introduced rottenness. This has been almost invariable in the past. In looking over the history of the city, it is hard to find a single case, save in the instance of the present administration, where organization in politics benefited the city.

Constant experience with these machines has made American communities callous. St. Louis was no exception. It groaned under the Republican administration, it fretted at Zeigenheim and it cursed the City Hall gang of four years ago. But the ray of light offered in the hope of a political upheaval, seemed dim to many.

St. Louis had been a Republican city. It was not Republican in sentiment in 1901, but it would have gone the way of previous elections had it not been for a rounding up of the Democratic clans. The first man to realize this was Hawes.

Organization was set on foot. The result was startling from the electoral standpoint. Though gratified at the result, the citizens were naturally du-



bious as to what would come. Constant plundering of their resources had made them cynical as to political reforms.

This apathy toward unwholesome conditions is one thing visiting foreigners can't understand in this country. But the apathy exists and is counted upon by politicians with "ambitions." So confident had machine leaders been in the past of this same listlessness, that a code of ethics actually developed among the corruptionists, based on the toleration of the citizens.

It was regarded as but natural that officials of either party should be deaf, dumb and blind as regards the acts of their adherents. It was considered rank heresy that the hand of men in power should be raised against their friends, even when duty plainly required it.

As for the people—what t'ell? They were useful enough at elections, but after that—why, let them move if they didn't like it. This attitude on the part of the authorities was based on a bluff. But it was a bluff that went through, and had come to be regarded as a sure winner.

So strong was this idea, that it was counted folly to "buck against a machine." Once let an organization get control of the party vote and its power and abuses were accepted as absolute. The basis of a political education was to line up with the ruling power rather than oppose it.

Two men disagreed with this. They were Hawes and Folk.

Each man had different methods of setting forth his proof. Each went about it in his own way.

Hawes had come to the fore on the Police Board. He had made himself felt in politics. He was a strong Democrat—but he did not approve the methods of the then Democratic body.

His first step towards independence was a slight estrangement with the Butlers. This was not a case of hard feeling. It was simply one of political ideas.

Politicians of both sides regarded the situation with a smile. The obliteration of the man from Kentucky was regarded as certain. Curiosity only was felt as to the manner of his political demise. But time went on and Hawes didn't disappear.

There is no need to detail, step by step, the progress of his ideas in organization—of the election of the present administration. Mayor Wells and the existing ticket, Joe Folk and the Democratic list of officials—all received their offices through the Jefferson Club—the new Democratic organization.

Much has been said about the Jefferson Club—much that is good and a lot that is bad. It appears, however, as if the club's policy could speak for itself. The present administration is the best answer to those who attack the organization—and the administration is the outgrowth of the club. When the Mayor needed support, before and after election, he received it from the same body.

The club is not a blameless organization, by any means. Neither is it composed entirely of high-minded, idealistic citizens. The millennium has not arrived, as yet, and it will have to come before universal purity reigns. But the tendency of the club has been towards the betterment of the city—and the administration it has put in power has done more for betterment than any previous controlling power.

Hawes was responsible for the Jefferson Club. His idea of organization is not entirely fulfilled in that body—but it is a step towards absolutely clean government.

This club has shown that the tendency of such bodies can as readily be for the good of the city as for political plunder. This fact is slowly but surely being accepted. The better element of citizens, the resident desirous of clean conditions, is realizing that municipal benefits can be assured by combination—and that such combination can be altogether for the benefit of St. Louis.

That is one lesson taught, and it is an important one. It has proven that citizens can combine for cleanliness as well as for corruption.

Joseph W. Folk is in office, through the work of the Jefferson Club. His own work in seeking out offenders against the law, speaks for itself.

Folk has shown one thing in the political line—that the people will readily support the public official who does his duty. A different idea prevailed before his election.

The code of ethics accepted by politicians heretofore has been overthrown. Excuses were made for tolerance of corruption on the grounds that the party interests demanded it. A man might be honest, it was argued, he might desire to do his duty—but he would upset his party if he enforced the law against its corrupt politicians.

It was argued that if the public officer broke away from the machine's support, the people who elected that machine would break away from him, that he would be snowed under by public disapproval.

In other words, politicians have gone on the basis that the people were corrupt—that they would stand for any crime in office, provided that crime was performed in the name of Republicanism or Democracy. More than one generation of office holders has been raised in this idea.

Campaign promises were made to be broken. This is an old idea. It is one the people never have endorsed. Yet few politicians have had their fingers sufficiently firmly on the public pulse to recognize this fact. The word of a few leaders in corruption, who took it upon themselves to speak for the people, has often been accepted as decisive, without any attempt being made to seek out the truth.

It is little wonder, under those circumstances, that the citizens were cynical when an official made a conscientious effort to do his duty. It is no cause for surprise that support has often been lukewarm. The people simply fancied that it was a grandstand play to gain notoriety.

The people themselves are to blame. They fell into an attitude of passive acceptance of bad conditions. No penalty attached to politicians for adopting a corrupt platform—hence, the average office holder only looked after his own interest.

When Folk first commenced his investigations, impediments were thrown in his way from all sides. In the first months of his work, respectable citizens, looking over the account of his investigations, would shake their heads and predict that his obliteration would speedily follow.

This prediction was boldly made, at first, by party leaders—by leaders of both sides. When the general public approval of his efforts became evident, talk became more guarded on the part of officials. Now there is nothing heard of his extinction—instead, he is spoken of for Governor of Missouri.

One may not admire Mr. Folk personally. One may object to certain traits, to some apparent characteristics in the man. But everyone must admit that he has been persistent in his efforts for clean conditions. Even in objection to some of his methods, one must admire the results he has attained.

These results are not connected with the convictions he has secured. They relate to the change he has wrought in public sentiment.

He has shown that a public officer will be endorsed to the utmost, where he makes a sincere effort to do his duty. He has proven that the mere force of public opinion behind him will make that man secure, regardless of the opinion of corrupt politicians.

Folk has simply gone on the basis that the people are honest. He has proven this fact. Other officials have gone on the basis that the people favored filth—some of them have realized that they were mistaken.

The people have shown that they appreciate Folk's work, that they approve his estimate of their character, by their support.

They are beginning to realize that organization is necessary in politics, and that such combination can be clean and can work for their good.

One lesson has been taught them by Hawes and another by Folk. They are lessons of a different sort, yet related. And the result has been the greatest attained in late years—the community has been taught to trust itself.

From which line of policy, which effect wrought by Folk and Hawes, will the community derive most benefit? Will it be from exposures and disclosures, spasmodic of necessity, or from permanent improvement of the city?

No one can gainsay that Folk has done good work. The effects of his efforts are manifest at once. They are more apparent at the moment than a week afterwards.

Effects wrought by Hawes may not be apparent on the surface at the moment. But they appear afterwards.

Many believe that Folk's reforms will lose much of their force in a few months; that the effect will be temporary.

None can deny that the policy of civic improvement, of governmental reform, will be of lasting benefit to St. Louis.

One man offers reforms and improvement which past experience has shown are likely to be temporary. The other offers benefits that must, in their nature, be lasting.

Each has taught the city a lesson. But which has done it the most good?

## UNIONISM IN CHICAGO

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

THE labor union representatives, with few exceptions, have arrived at that stage of cock-sureness in which they evade argument, smile wisely and invite war. Chicago is easily the focal center of organized labor. There is no city in the world in which its power is so well defined and its influence so strong. Its activities during the past five years have cost the legitimate business interests of Chicago about \$50,000,000. Ninety-two non-union workmen have, during that time, been beaten to death, insanity and permanent deformity for the "good" of the cause. Millions of dollars of manufacturing capital have been withdrawn from the city in order to evade certain clashes and possible losses on account of labor controversies. The members of the unions themselves, have sacrificed about twelve million dollars of wages during idle months of expensive strikes. Thousands of dollars' worth of property belonging to employers has been destroyed in riots and incendiary fires "on account" of industrial differences with unions, and half a dozen reasonably prosperous firms have been forced into bankruptcy by boycotts and sympathetic strikes.



## The Mirror

Every public celebration contemplated and carried out by the City of Chicago for the past five years has been marred or made ridiculous by the interference of organized labor. The laying of the Post-Office corner-stone by President McKinley became the origin of a strike on that building because the original block of granite intended for the function had been chiselled by non-union labor in some Eastern quarry. In order to placate the unions a new stone was provided; it was chiseled by union laborers, and at the eleventh hour it was rejected by the union representatives because the stone had been quarried out of a quarry that was not unionized.

The Dewey celebration evoked an ukase from the labor leaders, who adjured all friends, relatives and sympathizers, to stay away from the big parade because a few non-union carpenters had been at work on the reviewing-stand from which the Hero of Manila was to view the pageant. The union bands wouldn't play as they passed the edifice, and the success of a popular celebration was hindered, if not destroyed, by the autocrats of united labor.

The Centennial celebration of the founding of Chicago, just closed, was spoiled in its chief feature by the determination of the labor men to prevent the Marine Band from Washington from participating in the display in any way. The Marine Band does not belong to the union, but is a body of enlisted soldier-musicians, employed by government at regulation pay, and serving the United States in the same capacity as fighting privates. The band was not brought here to participate in the industrial parade that was the chief feature of the carnival. It was to give the music at a banquet, and to perform at a few big receptions. The local union musicians made contracts at advanced prices to furnish the music for the grand night-parade, but because the committee had dared to do business with one of Uncle Sam's bands, every union player sulked out of his agreement and the parade trudged through miles of silence, an utter failure and disappointment for the millions of people who saw it.

It is not surprising, therefore, that labor unionism, in Chicago, at least, is not gaining in popularity. There is but one newspaper in this city that is not openly hostile to the manner and method in which the leaders have conducted the affairs of their unions. The business public is heart-sick and weary of union labor tyranny. Union labor has made Chicago a by-word and a sneer before high heaven. I can take you into a saloon in the loop district where all the "leading" walking delegates of Chicago federated labor make their plans and get their drinks. They seldom buy the drinks. They have silk hats—some of them; some have diamonds, none of them has a grain of sincerity. They think the murders, the assassinations, the riots which have darkened and made sinister the industrial history of Chicago during the past five years are "funny." They wear red neckties and dirty shirts, and they slobber when they drink. The cartoonists have not exaggerated them. They "stand off" the bar keeper, who is a member of the union, and they wait for men of adequate means and inadequate wit to pay for the extra rounds.

Organized labor is a fine thing—in theory.

In practice, as we know it in Chicago, it is the dirtiest, lowest, least excusable form of human degeneracy. And this generalization has no reference to the rank and file of workingmen who go upon theory, but are bossed and ruled by a lot of self-seeking thugs who have just enough cunning to gain the offices. For such men as John Mitchell and the late President Arthur of the locomotive engineers, and for the silent majority of staunch men in the lists of united labor, the writer has nothing but unqualified respect and admiration. But for the motives and activities of the

"leaders," words fail to convey the full measure of that hopeless odium which they have incurred.

The walking delegate, the professional labor agitator, as we know him in Chicago, is the last and the lowliest of his race. He is not even honest with his followers. He is sold out to the very interests which he is paid to fight. And this is no idle generalization.

Some time ago there was a strike among teamsters. A St. Louis brewery, which sells more bottled beer in Chicago than any other malster in the world, found that his wagon drivers had gone on strike. Why? The brewer in question was not a member of the Teamsters' Union. That brewer came to Chicago and volunteered to join, personally, the Teamsters' Union. He accepted the fixed scale of wages. He conceded everything. He was for peace first, last and all the time. And when he had made every possible overture; when he had increased his firm's expenses nearly a hundred-fold; what did the labor leaders say to him?

In effect they said this:

"Mr. Brewer, we are glad that you have subscribed to the union scale; we are glad that you have joined the Teamsters' Union; we feel gratified that you are with us. But

"Before you are eligible to join the Brewery Teamsters' Labor Union, your brewery must become a member of the Chicago-Milwaukee Brewers' Association!"

What is the Chicago-Milwaukee Brewers' Association?

It is a trust. An octopus. A regulator of labor's rights, and a tyrant by virtue of its enormous allied capitalization. Did the individual teamster know of his union's affiliation with the trust? Not at all! Did he know that a brewer's chance of friendly relations with "honest toil" was dependent upon the same brewer's conjunction with pooled capital? By no means! Did he know the truth, namely, the fact that the accredited representatives of organized labor, were, secretly but effectively, sold out to the millionaire brewers of Chicago and Milwaukee, for the express and well-defined purpose of forcing the independent brewers of St. Louis and other cities into the trust? Did he know that the teamsters' union, an established and populous wing of organized labor in America, was being made a tool and a cat paw for the aggrandizement of a soulless trust?

It is safe to say that the average teamster-member of the union didn't know anything about this phase of the case in question. And herein lies both his excuse and his damnation. In these days of free and honest publicity, it is almost a crime to "not know things."

But let it go at that.

The new condition which confronts the arrogant leaders of organized labor has nothing to do either with theory or principle. The fact is, that the high-tide of prosperity has reached its ultimate limit for the time being. There will be a recession of profits, of confidence, of speculation. For the past few years entrenched labor has been accustomed to the habit of having all its demands accepted. The mounting tide of prosperity has made the employer generous to the verge of extravagance. Now the tide is at ebb.

Notice was posted last week by the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburg, to the effect that the wages of all employees will be revised on January 1st, 1904. The firm has an arrangement with its employees by the terms of which wages shall remain stationary during the calendar year unless the notice of change is posted three months in advance. It may not be forestalled that the wages of the Carnegie steel-workers are to be reduced, but it is a reasonably foregone conclusion that they are not to be raised.

It is well-known of labor experts that the steel-workers are getting ready to "demand" more pay.

It is better known of steel factors, jobbers and manufacturers that the iron and steel business is "to the bad." The consumption of iron and steel has fallen off; and, because the profits are declining to a minimum, the production of all metallic staples is being curtailed.

Judged by past performances of the labor leaders, no consideration will be paid to these inexorable conditions of trade. For many years, organized labor has asked for nothing which it could not get either by policy or compulsion. During the high tide of prosperity, anything within reason could be asked for with a reasonable certainty that it would be granted. But the tide of prosperity has reached its normal limit, and is either stationary or receding. Manufacturers in steel, as in other lines, are no longer overwhelmed with orders. Manufacturers in every line of industry are no longer independent of their customers, and nearly every conservative employer of men is looking forward to the time when he will not need all the men who are now at work at top-wages, fixed by the labor unions.

All classes of employees ought to know and feel the effect of this absolute truth. But will they? I think not. After all, it is merely a matter of common sense; of the realization of facts; of the application of just ordinary human intelligence. And my observation of the processes and machinations of the labor leaders, convinces me of their absolute lack of either honesty, consistency or ordinary rationality.

Even during the past few weeks labor organizations of Chicago have been confidently asking for advances in wages that are utterly incompatible with present conditions of trade. Two years ago consumers were bidding for necessities, and employers were bidding for hired help. If the labor wiseacres deserved the name they would be busy now, rather with the problem of keeping wages at the established scale than with the impossible purpose of enhancing them. To force up wages on a falling market is as impossible as to make water run up hill. It has been tried before and always disastrously.

Employers, as a rule, dislike to reduce established wages even when business is poor and declining. But to ask or expect them to enhance the scale of value received under disadvantageous conditions is to ask them to stultify themselves, and to ruin their own businesses. Attempted coercion at such a time is worse than futile. If attempted in Chicago it will result in worse than paralysis.

The Chicago labor leaders have already succeeded in nullifying the best industrial efforts of the community during five years; they have made the city and its industrial conditions a stinking joke before the world. They have dug deeply into the grave of organized labor in the United States; they have played politics and scandalized the law; they have lost friends and gained the kind of consideration which interests grand juries and culminates in the penitentiary. During the piping days of universal prosperity they have had their jokes and practised all manner of buffoonery.

The day is at hand for their accounting. The city, the State, the Nation, is sick of them. The employers with uncounted resources, have organized in self-protection. The day for unquestioned blackmail, for cheap arrogance, for profligate autocracy on the part of "organized labor" is gone, at least, for a decade. Workingman, the public suspects you. It does not know you except through your representatives, and the big majorities of them have proved themselves eligible to the ball and chain, rather than to the consideration and respect of honest producers. Give us a rest on your fine phrases and unspeakable practices. The



American public is sick and tired of you, and, at that, you are only 14 per cent of the 100 men, women and juveniles who make up the total rank and file of American labor.

It is better to be a good citizen than to have and flourish a union card!



## FROM BROOKS TO BOOKS

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

"EVERY author," declares George Moore, "returns to literature when he is weary of original work." Let us be glad that this is not altogether true. Imagine the horrid results if every creature that now calls itself author, were to break out, at intervals, in serious efforts in appreciation or the reverse, as well as in the so-called fiction that now comes from the Mary MacLanes, the Hallie Rives, and their kind! In the case of George Moore, however, we have as a result, the one fine fact of the year so far, in English letters. George Moore is beginning a New Series of the "Confessions of a Young Man!" It is a clarion call; even loungers like myself must come out of the woods at the call.

"Avowals," Mr. Moore calls the new papers. We have, so far, but the initial chapter, but already there is meat enough, tilting enough at known gods, to open for us delectable vistas, as well as equally pleasant memories. What charm there was in those "Confessions of a Young Man," and how far they went to setting many a straggler firmly into the narrow, thornset path to letters! To think of their first appearance makes even the freshest of us grow a little gray; all that vigor, all that youthful egoism seems now so far away. It was in the early eighties that the book first saw light, I think; in that period that Max Beerbohm has so amusingly postured for us as a halcyon time in England's æsthetics and art. A little, hardly heard-of paper had already printed the "Confessions" serially, but it was only the book that came to general notice and discussion. The wonderful impertinence of many of the comments, the quaint egoism that marked every page, combined to a whole that was nothing less than fascinating. Many of the personal paragraphs may have been no more genuine than the pages of Vandam's "Englishman in Paris," but they had the air of sincerity; they impressed one with their keen insight into the very heart and soul of French literature, and the men making it; the book was, to many of its readers, an avenue that led to many after-years of delightful communion with such authors as Walter Pater, Paul Verlaine, Catulle Mendes and Balzac. Edition after edition of the "Confessions" have since appeared, yet the readers for it continue, though I dare not swear that Mr. Moore has made a penny of his American rights. For my own part, I am quite willing to confess that the "Confessions" were part and parcel of my youth's literary baggage. Nor have I ever grown ashamed of them. To be utterly a poseur was always beyond George Moore; his earnestness saved him from that. Hence, despite its pretence at pose, here and there, this early book of criticism remains full of sincerity. Full of faults, too, perhaps; not petty faults of mannerisms, but rather faults of prejudice and temperament. The book was absolutely frank; it had phrase upon phrase of mordant opinion upon the day's idols in English fiction; and one felt that the mordancy was not so much a pose as a real, bare confession. It is this that lifts the book, for me, above the plane of such a book as Vance Thompson's "French Portraits," for instance.

The years, and their disenchantments, never swerved me from allegiance to George Moore as

critic. His novels have been fine; I have tried, with the best that was in me, to make readers for the "Innes" and "Teresa" books. But at the back of my mind it was still Moore the critic that I preferred. There are thousands of bad novelists to one thorough critic nowadays; the occasional artist working in fiction fades into the general mist of useless novels that obscures the public intelligence; more than ever the keen critic is the needed person. Several volumes of Moore criticisms on art are worth to me twice their number of even his novels.

The new series of critical papers is not likely to disappoint. The very first of these "Avowals" is brimful of electric shocks. One longs for some regeneration of American letters that would permit the printing of just such candid opinions. It is when he turns critic that Mr. Moore discovers qualities of writing that electrify the reader. As for his novels, I have never been able to find beautiful writing in them. Mr. William Archer lately gave three excuses for the writing of books; the ability to write beautifully, or brilliantly, or earnestly. In fiction I never found anything but earnestness when reading Moore. Personally, I think this same earnestness a poor excuse when it is unaccompanied; it permits of Hamlin Garland. Brilliance as well as earnestness are George Moore's weapons as critic. It is with all the old brilliant impertinence of the "Confessions" that in "Avowals" he considers the artistic evolutions the past two score years have seen in himself. He tells us of the time when he grew to hate England, went to Ireland, wrote plays and the stories of "The Untilled Field" about his native country, and then, after all, had to return to England and its language. "I saw in the Irish language a new literary medium; it interested me as a new musical instrument interests a musician. But I could not spend the whole of my time admiring an instrument I could not play, advising peasants—the future progenitors of our literature—to speak a language not one single word of which I knew. A man of letters must write; as well advise silence to the singing bird as to ask the man of letters to become a language-agitator or proselytizer. I had to write." So he wrote "The Untilled Field," and before another novel is to be undertaken, Mr. Moore is out for a "critical frolic."

Moore's main theme in this first paper of criticism of his in *Lippincott's* is that the English novel is vastly inferior to English poetry, and that as novelists writers in English have never been, never will be, aught but second-rate. In his working of this theme he gives us sentences that stick in the memory, agree with them or not as we may. "English prose and English painting are minor manifestations of English genius. . . . German picture galleries are like Mudie's catalogues, a profusion of works, but no names. . . . The tradition of the English novel is that the novelist should skim lightly, respecting the moral and religious prejudices of the time. . . . After her (Jane Austen) came the pompous and garrulous Scott, and after him the facile and commonplace Thackeray. Thackeray's mind was very second class. He was a contemporary of Charles Dickens, and Charles Dickens' writings are as like his name as Thackeray's are like his. . . . Women have succeeded better in painting than in novel-writing. . . . The delicious and exquisite sex is not noted for philosophers or artists, but for queens and courtesans. . . ."

If, in these brief extracts, there be not food for discussion, to say nothing of violent controversy, I am mistaken. Extracts are but unsatisfactory, however; "Avowals" must be read in the altogether. The first of these papers is admirable not only for what it gives, but for what one pictures it promising; the

truth, perhaps, as Moore sees it—for truth is as variable as the camera obscura!—the truth concerning the feud with Whistler, for instance, and many episodes of that sort these fifteen years past.

The clarion note of Moore's new critical avowals came to me at the exact proper physical and physiological moment. The summer was waning; the chill and earlier dusk closing the shorter days. For all the spring and summer months the sorry business of pen and ink had not seen me; revulsion had come after years of the world of letters being too much with me, and I had flung away utterly from printed things to the real life of the woods and streams and seas. A cross-country ride of more than a hundred miles took me back to old Texas days before the fences came; months spent in the company of striped bass and mountain trout proved the dire pettiness of mere money grubbing humanity. Writing about the books of others had become as nauseous as the writing of books of one's own. The stupidity of the books one had to read was only equalled by the stupidity of those who had my own books to read. Fresh air, sedulous avoidance of streets and towns, accentuated more and more, day by day, the littleness of the arts and of those concerned with them. All this fiddling with clay and bronze and stone and color and words, what was it compared to the call of the Bob-white in the meadow, the sunrise of God, or the perfume of the honeysuckles? . . . But Moore was right; the writer must needs write, as the drunkard, I suppose, craves drink. I confess, for my own part, to the years having completely changed my excuses for still writing on and on and on. One writes because one must, true; but also because one feels a certain grim realization of duty to the art of letters; it is so abominably abused, this art, so slovenly a crew gathers under the artistic mantle, that one feels impelled to proof that writing can, after all, be conscientious, and that opinions need not always come ready-made from the press-agent department of the publisher's counting-house. . . . It may take years before I quite cure myself of the writing habit. These vices take a deal of conquering. Convinced as I am that there is nothing worth while besides the ability to shoot straight, ride straight and steer straight in heavy weather; that town-life is a disease, and only country spaces make for sanity; yet books and bookishness will haunt me, I suppose, for some time to come. One cannot leap to freedom at a bound; one has to pay for one's lapses. Having once lapsed into literature, it is not so easy to turn wholly and freely into life itself. . . . All these months the books have come creeping in. I paid no attention. Outdoors held me, and all else could go hang. But candle-light comes creeping upon our afternoons; the physical moment for my submission arrives; I surrender sullenly, but I surrender; I begin to browse, to turn a page here, a page there. . . .

Fate made the descent easy. Two volumes with the fine flavor of outdoors tempted me. They were both about New England. One is "Walks in New England," by Charles Goodrich Whiting, the other Katharine M. Abbott's "Old Paths and Legends of New England." Mr. Whiting's book is a sort of seasonal; each aspect of every time of year affords him text for pleasant essays in contemplation and observation. A very sincere, almost religious worship of the country springs from these pages. It is the vicinity of Mt. Tom that these walks mostly cover. The other volume takes town after town, and specifically sets forth the notable places and persons of its past and present. It is a veritable New England Bædeker with all the material traveling information left out, the legendary and historic emphasized. From both of these books the vital, cheerful human is a



little absent, but that, as well as the New England flavor, is just what one finds in Charles Battell Loomis' "Cheerful Americans." His country-folk nearly all hail from somewhere up Connecticut way, and pleasant entertainment they afford. Mr. Loomis is a true humorist; he has taste, the instinct for true pathos, and unerring, if amiable insight into the failings of his fellow-men and women. A great number of the stories in this volume are of the Americans one meets on Atlantic liners; not since Mark Twain's "Innocence Abroad" have traveling Americans been so truly, so amusingly described. Several automobiling stories are noteworthy, too. Mr. Loomis, through this book, must hereafter be reckoned with where American humor is the issue.

If you are of the modern, strenuous, spirit that finds walking in New England, or anywhere else, too slow, and that even chafes at the speed of Atlantic ocean-flyers, "The Lightning Conductor" is fairly sure to suit you. It is an automobile romance; a skillfully disguised auto-guide book through France, the Riviera, Italy and Sicily. The web of plot is so finely thrown that its meshes conceal most entertainingly the fact that real information is being given about roads, hotels and towns galore. The book is strong on the historic side of the places visited; humor is a conspicuous feature of its heroine's experience in touring; altogether a book both useful to the actual tourist and delightful for the fireside traveler.

The best of the early autumn novels that has so far reached me, is Robert W. Chambers' "The Maids of Paradise." It deals romantically with secret intrigues of the Franco-Prussian war, familiar ground to this novelist's readers. Mr. Chambers knows the art of writing thoroughly; nothing of his fails to interest. But I wonder if Mr. Chambers has really seen a *langouste* "flashing scarlet" in the water. Lobsters, no matter how small or sophisticated, rarely blush, in real life, until boiled.

Arthur Stringer's novel "The Silver Poppy" is a disappointment. This writer once wrote of real life in the slum districts, now he writes of himself, and the life literary. His hero in "The Silver Poppy" is a tiresome study in introspection; the plot is the old one of one writer climbing to fame on another's work. If the book had been heralded as a key-novel, and we had been asked to guess who was the woman-writer depicted as stealing the novels of others, one might be interested. But there is nothing in "The Silver Poppy" to interest average men and women untainted by the pettiness of the life literary. If these pettinesses are to be treated, one prefers to have it done by a Henry James. Mr. Stringer's essay in this direction is crude, egotistic and uninteresting. Mr. Stringer's poetry is not now in question. In his fiction the earlier manner of "The Loom of Destiny" was several removes nearer the life that matters. Whether one slim-gilt soul writes a book and another ditto-ditto steals it and passes it off as his or her own is matter for discussion only in authors' clubs; there is no dirty linen dirtier than that of artists; the public should not be asked to pay to see it washed.

Charles Marriott is a writer who, though books of his have appeared since "The Column," must still be called a one-book man. His newest story is "The House on the Sands." It is an irritating problem, this book. It is well written. Its hero, with his schemes for the political rehabilitation of the British Empire, is vital, modern, and should be admirable; the experiment in Platonism essayed by two of the characters should attract; yet the book has none of the coherent charm of "The Column." For my part, I do not think it suits Mr. Marriott's habitual mode of thought and expression to concern himself with such concrete modernities as are in "The House on

the Sands." He falls between the political plot and the socialistic experiment. The book is all of it finely written, though at times the style, rather than being in the key of Meredith, as has been accused, borders upon that of the writer calling himself Benjamin Swift; but the writing does not save it from being inanimate, lacking the something vital that makes a coherent, successful entity.

Almost with relief one turns to such a sheer detective story as "A Master Hand." It lives up to its name, and it keeps its grip from end to end.

The Rubicon crossed, again, and so I let myself in for a winter of reading. What must be, must be.



### THE "PIANO PEST"

IN Germany the attack on the promiscuous use of the piano and other noisy musical instruments at all times and places has assumed almost the phase of a crusade. The latest and most characteristic discussion of the problem is a determined protest made by Siegmund Auerbach, a leading physician of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in the Supplement of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 142, the oldest and probably most influential general scientific journal in the country. The publication of the protest in this journal is significant, indicating that the learned world of the Fatherland is taking the matter seriously. We translate and quote the following:

"The protest of thinkers against the piano pest is not new, nor have the protestants been the meanest among men. Both Goethe and Schopenhauer have virtually cursed the evil habit of their thoughtless neighbors that interfered with their work and comfort, and yet, comparatively speaking, their sufferings must have been small compared with that of most modern men. Still more recently the *littérateur*, M. Lessing, wrote a series of articles in the *Nord und Sud*, in which he voiced the protest of nervous people against this evil. It is well known to what trouble Mrs. Carlyle went to save her husband from molestation of this kind, and how Richard Wagner bought peace at a high price from the distorting street rabble in Florence. The question itself has a history which prominent men have helped to make.

"The question has both a medical and a legal side. The effect of such noise on the finely strung nerves of the thinkers and writers is very dangerous, and as a physician, I can testify to this danger. Piano-players have no right to endanger the health of their neighbors, and, this being the case, it is the right and duty of States and governments to protect their people against the pest. There are regulations that forbid crying out wares on the streets, that regulate the noise that may be made by hucksters and others; why should there not be regulations to protect people from the piano hammerer? Just how this is to be done it will be the business of our law-makers to determine. But one way that seems to be good would be to determine that those who, by their callings, or by choice, are bound to use the piano or the loud musical instruments hours and hours each day, should be compelled to live in certain quarters of the city, or in certain squares in a street, or in certain sections of squares, just as in the railroad trains there are certain parts and portions where smoking is allowed and others where it is forbidden. In this way there would be unmusical places where other people could live undisturbed, and be sure that the next moving-day would not bring the unwelcome pianos into the new neighborhood. But both medical and legal considerations call for an examination of the 'piano pest.'"

Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.

### BUTTERFLY FELLOWSHIP

BY MORRILL HAZARD.

NELLIE could just discern the figure in the low rocking-chair against the light back-ground of the window. Sometimes it drooped in an attitude of sleep as though worn out with long vigils. It had been there for days and nights and the fever-racked brain of the girl was puzzled, for she had no acquaintances in this section of the country, save some of the most formal character. The room itself seemed queerly familiar, being like the one she had occupied in Mrs. Mullen's theatrical lodgings upon first coming to New York.

When had her tour with the opera company closed? When had she returned to Mrs. Mullen's? Her mind was still too confused with fever to answer these questions to her own satisfaction.

At length she was able to note dimly the fact that the stranger had risen to approach the bed. She shrank away, not realizing until now that she was in the presence of some unknown man. He paid no heed to her mumbled utterances, but gave her medicine and went back to the rocking-chair to sleep again. She was relieved. No doubt he was the physician.

One morning as she opened her eyes she greeted him feebly, indicating clearly that her delirium was at an end. His manner evinced delight.

"Do you remember me?" he asked, bending over her. "I occupied the rear room for awhile—but I have given it up." She looked vaguely about. "You have been out of your head," he went on.

It all came back to her. The manager of the company had sent her to New York because she was too ill to perform.

"Are you—are you the doctor?" she asked timidly.

"No."

Not the doctor! "But was it you who met me at the station?" she queried. "I remember it was some one whom I had never—whom I had not met often."

"Yes, it was I"—quickly.

"How did you know—who told you I was coming?"

"They wired the lodging house that you were coming back."

"Oh, Mrs. Mullen, the landlady, sent you to get me. How good of her!"

"Y-yes—Mrs. Mullen sent me, I suppose." He did not tell her of the struggle he had had to induce Mrs. Mullen to let her have the room again.

"It was very kind of you to come."

"Tut, tut"—very gruffly. He turned away to busy himself with something on the mantel piece. "I am going to cook you something," he said.

"Oh, you needn't mind!" He was lighting the gas jet. "I—I will get up."

"I guess not"—laconically.

"But I would rather—really!"

She was becoming nervous. Why did he presume to remain in her room? She tried to sit up in bed to emphasize her protest, but fell back upon the pillow again, exhausted. He whistled an air while heating some soup over the gas in a tin bucket. She began to laugh in mild hysteria at her helplessness.

Meanwhile the fragrance of the cooking soup filled the cheerless apartment and made her hungry. Oh, what an appetite the fever had left her with, to be sure! As she watched him her resentment cooled and a feeling of comfortable, secure expectancy succeeded.

She noted his threadbare, even shabby appearance. His coat was buttoned closely about his throat, for the weather was cold and there was no fire in the



room. He warmed the tips of his fingers, which protruded from the torn ends of his gloves. He carried a cane, rakishly tucked under his arm, and wore a wide-brimmed hat which gave him a certain picturesqueness despite his unmistakably half-starved condition. His age must have been about thirty.

Presently he came and propped her up in bed with a pillow, after which he poured the soup into a plate and brought it to her steaming, placing it before her on the counterpane. "Mind your table manners," he admonished humorously. She devoured it. "There is some more," he said, smiling. "Won't you have it?"

"Oh, yes—if you will!" He procured it for her.

"Have you been to breakfast?" she inquired, as she ate.

"Long ago!" He looked it.

"Won't you have some of the soup, too?" she asked tentatively. "It's great."

"Couldn't think of it," he replied, picking up an old guitar and sinking into the rocking-chair. "Besides, there is no more." He twanged the guitar and hummed a comic ballad.

Not until she had finished did the incongruity of her position flash upon her again with suddenness. How odd that he should be sitting there so coolly without a trace of embarrassment—as though he had known her all his life and this was a mere informal call!

She decided that he must be a Bohemian about whom she had heard so much—and so dreaded to meet.

"Are you a Bohemian?" she asked abruptly.

A characteristic grin crossed his pinched features. The question appeared to surprise him. "Bohemians do not exist, little girl," he observed patronizingly. "They were invented by a shiftless scribbler about the middle of the Nineteenth Century."

"You mean Murger!" she exclaimed. "I have read his book. And I am very glad you are not one of them!" she added heartily. The wrinkles about his mouth cracked open again.

"Why?" he asked softly.

"They are said to be bad."

He shook his head in the negative emphatically. "Bohemians are not bad," he declared. "Bohemians are too proud to be bad. I have my doubts about these villains and all such vagabonds, Murger included. They are schismatic—though not yet anathematized. No, no! Not yet!"

"You defend them vigorously enough," she remarked. "And you said there were no Bohemians!" She eyed him with suspicion.

"Inconsistency is the jewel of Bohemia."

"Then you are a Bohemian!"

"Bohemians and Irish dislike to be identified as such."

While laughing in spite of herself, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror. "Oh, I'm a fright!" she cried. "Am I not?"

"You are!"

She was amused at his frankness, but primed herself hastily. "You are impolite," she pouted—but quickly bethought herself of all his kindness. "And how good!" she added.

"Did I tell you that my name is Fitz?" he asked gravely.

"No, sir, you did not."

"Well—it is." He twanged the guitar.

"How do you do, Fitz?" she smiled. He acknowledged it solemnly. "Where did I get all that medicine?" she asked, noting it everywhere in the room.

"Me."

"Oh! Has the doctor been here?"

"Yep."

"Who sent him?"

"Me."

"I'm—I'm much obliged. Where did you—where did you get the money to—to buy the—"

"Borrowed it!"

She feared that he might have spent his own money, but this was quite as bad. "From whom did you borrow it?"

"From the doctor. He won't give up any more, by the way—" grinning at her. He was impossible.

"The idea! I'd never ask it, I assure you." She seemed dismayed. "I don't even know him."

"You didn't know me until just this minute." He twanged merrily.

"Oh, dear!" She closed her eyes in honest distress which ended in another laugh. "Are you an actor?" The question loosened his tongue amazingly. He was an actor and had played admirably in many parts, and he gave her the particulars at great length. By the time he had finished speaking they were the closest of comrades and she was sure he must be a very great man. "I have only been on the stage a week," she confessed humbly.

"How do you like it?"

"It's terrible."

"Didn't they give you your salary?" scowling fiercely.

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

She stared at him. "I spent it."

"Oh." He twanged again and sang with prompt indifference.

She soon forgot his impertinence as she had forgotten it before. "How cold it is in here!" she said. "If it wasn't for the gas we should freeze." Even as she spoke it went out.

"They turn it off at the meter during the day, the barbarians!" he commented, and proceeded to tuck the bed-clothes around her. Thereupon she got mad again. Why should he persist in these indelicate attentions? "Did you run away to go upon the stage?" he demanded accusingly.

"No."

"Want to go home?" The guitar was silent.

She thought of her people who had ridiculed her ambition most unmercifully. "No," she whispered. "No."

He twanged the guitar. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know." The ring of despair was in her voice.

He sat bolt upright with his chin in the air. "Don't you worry about it, do you hear? We won't have you worried!" The guitar bespoke a swinging march as though it would sing to her of hope and power.

She peered at him curiously and it seemed to her, in the exhilaration of his encouragement, that she was gazing upon some dear, angelic friend. Her fear was gone. "Do put down that cane," she said. "I believe you would look nicer without it." He twirled the cane in his fingers and chuckled.

Suddenly he rose as though preparing to go. "Some people have engraved cards and wear rich apparel; they go about in carriages and dine ostentatiously—all for effect. I carry a cane!" He paused at the door. "I'm off for a little trip down street, little girl," he said. "Stay where you are as quiet as a mouse—and I'll come back."

She stopped him. "You have been so good to me!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears. "God bless you, Fitz!"

"Tut, tut!"

"Fitz!"

But the door had closed, leaving a tomb-like chill

in the dingy room. She shivered and crept further beneath the scant bed-clothes.

Would he really come back? The thought of it made her giddy, now that the good humor of his presence was removed. Her alarm grew apace, for all her training had been in the conventional atmosphere of a prosaic household wherein the danger of evil appearances had been taught her. Actual transgression was not more terrible. Would it not be better to starve where she lay, rather than jeopardize her good name further? It had been trying enough alone in the midst of the opera troupe—but this was worse! Of course she owed him some debt of gratitude; and thinking of the four days and nights he had been there faithfully at her side she grew crimson, and laughed and wept by turns.

A knock upon the door interrupted. She sank her teeth into her lip with grim determination. A second knock. She would not bid him enter. Had she been able to reach the key she would have turned it in the lock.

Her head sank as the door opened—opened softly. He tiptoed in and stood aghast.

"Why, you're awake!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "I thought you had been asleep."

Some speech trembled upon her tongue, but it was submerged in sobs.

"Crying again!" he observed discontentedly. Then, gruffly: "Brace up, little girl—we're in luck!"

"We?"

"Sure. I want you to get well at once. I need you."

"I wish you would not be so familiar!"

"What!" It appeared to sweep him off his feet. He began to grin. "I shall put that in the sketch!" he chuckled. "They won't be looking for it. Ha, ha!" He capered about like a child, twirling his cane and repeating her words.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, with solemn anger.

"They have hired us."

"Us? Indeed! Whom do you mean?"

"You and me, of course."

"I."

"Certainly. We're to do a turn in vaudeville. It's something I wrote myself. That is—if you care to." He paused.

"Do you mean that you are offering me employment?"

He was convulsed again. "I'll put that in if I die for it!" he cackled. He grew more serious. "There will be very little for you to do and I can coach you in it very readily. I want a good girl, like you," he added soberly. "You're a good girl, Nellie." She tried to speak, but choked with her tears. He went on: "They gave us an advance on salary." He threw ten dollars on the bed. "There is your third. You get a third." He picked up the guitar again. "I'm feeling strong," he said. "Been in to lunch at Beefsteak John's—first in two days!"

That horrified her. "And you wouldn't touch the soup!" she gasped. "Oh, Fitz!"

"Tut, tut!" He twanged the guitar. "Can you sing?" he demanded, in sudden consternation. His eyes clouded. "What did you do with the opera company?"

"I sang, of course."

"Good!" A contented grin settled upon his Punch-like features. "Let her go, little girl!"

He twanged a vigorous chord upon his instrument and she sang with him in joyous unison. He nodded his approval as they sang—and they were friends as butterflies are friends in a world of beauty.

*From the Broadway Magazine.*

## MUSIC

## THE CASE OF THE PROPHET.

Notice: No pianist need apply to the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society for engagement. Any person to qualify for an appearance with this society, must advertise his ability to perform on an instrument other than the piano-forte. "Home talent" not wanted. Any "artist" bearing the stamp "Metropolitan Opera House" will receive double the regular fee. Any foreigner, sufficiently Barnum-ized, may, with impunity, quote four figures as his fee. The chairman of the "Soloist Committee" will be in New York in the near future to consult with managers of freak violinists and hysterical vocalists.

This notice is intended as a warning, as well as guide, to the unenlightened, and may save some mere musician a snub. The case of a young St. Louis pianist who has recently won honors abroad, may serve to further illustrate how a musical society is managed "out here." This young man, having returned to his home city after an absence of eight years, and laboring under the delusion that the Society that stands for the advancement of music in St. Louis would gladly give him an opportunity to demonstrate that he had not failed to fulfill the rich promise of his youth, applied by letter to the person in authority for a hearing, who, much to his surprise and chagrin, did not even vouchsafe a reply. The subject being verbally broached, the chairman of the "soloist committee" summarily disposed of the matter by a short, "Don't want him—I want no pianist at all."

This young pianist, as a child, gave evidence of extraordinary musical talent. As a youth he developed this talent along definite lines under excellent instructors; he studied piano, composition and cognate musical branches. At the age of eighteen years, having reached a point where "atmosphere" and "environment" were necessary to further progress and development, he went to Germany, where he spent eight years in study. The fruits of his work submitted to the public were a "suite for string orchestra," played by the Berlin Philharmonic, and an appearance at the Richard Strauss Festival in London, where he played the Beethoven concerti in C-minor, and a group of piano solos. Severe tests, these, of his equipment as composer and as pianist, and tolerance merely, would have been an honor, but the young St. Louisian achieved a solid, substantial success—not of the sensational kind, to be sure, nor did he engage a latter-day Barnum to "manage" an American tour. The pecuniary consideration involved in Barnumizing was, in his case, not necessarily a drawback, but he preferred to return to his native land without preliminary blare and braying of trumpets—a dignified, self-respecting musician, prepared to stand on his merits only. This, in the case of his home town, proved fatal to his chances of recognition. His commendable modesty, dignity and temperateness, failed altogether to impress Western "powers that be;" the absence of a flamboyant personality and circus-poster literature, inspired contempt, and the young musi-

cian found himself, like the prophet, without honor in his own country. Disgusted and disheartened, he scraped the dirt of his native St. Louis off his shoes, cleared his lungs of her smoke and soot, and set off for the more congenial clime of Boston, where, encouraged by the friendly hand held out by the great Boston Symphony Orchestra, he will make his home.

This, however, is not the only instance of St. Louis' failure to appreciate her own. There is Ernest Kroeger, for example, what does his home city know—or care—of his writing? In St. Louis he is known principally as a teacher of the first rank, who may always rely upon a full class, but it will probably be news to even most of those of his fellow citizens who profess to be "musical," that he has composed a symphony, five symphonic overtures, a suite for orchestra, a piano concerto, and a quantity of chamber music, consisting of quintets, quartets and trios—all of this work being of a high grade—in addition to a number of excellent songs, piano pieces and studies, and some organ music. Abroad, in critical Germany, he is known and appreciated as a composer of distinction, and "Breitkopf and Haertel," famous Berlin publishers, grasp eagerly at every composition from his pen, and report a brisk demand for his work, whilst St. Louis dealers and publishers aver that his compositions lie on their shelves from year to year. Mr. Kroeger, however, loves his work, and despite the drudgery of teaching and the depressing musical atmosphere of this city, still finds inspiration, as demonstrated by a superior set of variations on an elegiac theme, recently published by the German firm.

Then, who in St. Louis knows A. C. Eimer's "Requiem Mass?" Yet here is a superb work, showing originality, strength, and profound musicianship, by a St. Louis man who is barely accorded recognition, and who was compelled to pay for the printing of this work, afterwards presenting the plates to the local publishing firm.

It certainly behooves musical St. Louis to look up and notice what her sons and daughters are doing. Here is William H. Pommer, whose song cycle "Cupid in Arcady," is sung abroad, but sadly neglected at home; William Schuyler, who locally is not taken seriously as a composer, yet of whose "Black Rider" songs, so eminent an authority as Rupert Hughes speaks in terms of extravagant praise, in his "American Composers." Walter Stockhoff, another comparatively unknown St. Louis musician, who is to be reckoned with as a composer, has just had twelve remarkable piano pieces published abroad; then there is Arthur Lieber, who has some fine songs and a number of piano pieces to his credit, and Alfred G. Robyn, who, by reason of his latest work, is recognized in Boston as one of the first writers of light opera music.

Mr. Charles Kunkel is still another illustration of the case of the prophet. His confreres and the public (generally speaking), at home, find little use for his work, but outside of St. Louis his exhaustive "Piano Method" is constant-

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ly in demand, as the books of his publishing house show, and he still retains his reputation as a piano virtuoso. This veteran pianist also serves as a poignant example of the callousness of the Choral Symphony Society. Last season, when the stupid popular concerts were on, Mr. Kunkel wrote the "Soloist Committee," offering his services at one of these musical "ten, twenty and thirty" shows, and suggesting that he be allowed to play some famous concerto, he desiring to make this his swan song, as it were. The only reply to this offer was a polite note from the secretary of the society, stating that his proposition had been submitted to the proper authorities.

There are others, many others, but the instances cited will, it is hoped, serve as a sufficient warning to any sanguine St. Louis musician.

Pierre Marteau.



#### LESS THAN HALF RATES SOUTH OCTOBER 20.

Round trip tickets via the Mobile & Ohio Railroad will be sold on October 20 to New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery and other Southern points from Chicago and vicinity at rate of \$16.00; from St. Louis, Cairo and intermediate points, \$12.00. Liberal limits and stop-overs. Write Jno. M. Beall, A. G. P. A., M. & O. R. R., St. Louis.



#### AS A RULE

In the morning, when I rise,  
I remark, with sundry sighs,  
"I must ginger up to-day—  
Too much time I've thrown away,  
I must cut out all the frills,  
Frown upon the pace that kills,  
Knuckle down with might and main  
And some lost ground thus regain."  
So soliloquizing I  
Eat my breakfast on the fly;  
Then my ardor seems to cool—  
As a rule.

In the evening I retire,  
Troubled with forebodings dire,  
Vowing that another day  
Will behold me on the way  
To success and wealth—two things  
That persistent plugging brings.  
"Yes," I mutter, "starting in  
Right away, I'll strive like sin,  
Art is long and time is brief  
And I will not come to grief;  
For I'll sever all the ties  
That I know demoralize."  
But before another day  
Has completely passed away  
I begin to make complaint  
At my self-imposed restraint.  
I am kicking like a mule—  
As a rule.

As a rule,  
In this great terrestrial school,  
Lessons taught by aches and sorrow  
Must be learnt again to-morrow,  
Learnt to-morrow, will they stay  
Mastered in the future? Nay!  
Preachers say, with solemn zest,  
Man is but a child, at best.  
This comparison is flat—  
Man methinks, is worse than that;  
He is just a plain dampfool,  
As a rule!

—Mikwaukee Sentinel.

#### COSTLY PAINTED GOWNS

Palette and brush are brought into active play just now in behalf of fashions for women. In other words, painted gowns will be included this winter in the wardrobe of some of New York's most fashionable women. So far the painted gown has not been manufactured to place on either the wholesale or the retail market, but has hung in comparative seclusion in the wardrobes of a few of New York's fashionable women recently returned from the other side with their usual Paris complement of new gowns.

A forerunner of the present renaissance of the painted gown was the painted chiffons, so-called, of last spring and summer which even now are conspicuously displayed on the counters of the leading shops. These chiffons are decorated with exquisite flower designs of artistic coloring and after a fashion which does indeed suggest hand painting.

But, after all, they are only stamped. The genuine article that has crossed the ocean, draped on gowns worth a good deal more than their weight in gold, puts the other to the blush.

The painted gown, it is learned, is confined to no one material. Chiffons, satin, silk, moire, velvet are alike used in its composition; and the new chiffon-velvet—fine, soft, clinging—is sent as often as any other material to one or another of the Paris ateliers.

The history of no two hand painted gowns is just alike, and in every case it varies from that of the ordinary costume. To begin with, the material is painted before the gown is put together, and yet all the different parts of the garment—skirt, bodice, sleeves, etc.—must have been cut and carefully fitted before they were handed over to the painter.

If a princess model is chosen, the whole thing is cut and basted and tried on first. Then, if the material is silk, satin or something equally firm, the different parts are unbasted after the fitting, rolled up separately and then given over to the artist, who meanwhile receives instructions as to the designs and colors to be used and where they are to be placed.

One gown may have sprays of flowers lavishly scattered all over it; another may be painted only on the corsage tablier and around the edge of the skirt; a third will have trailing vines radiating downward from the waist line. Pansies, poppies, cornflowers, roses, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, daffodils, are in turn chosen by the owners of painted costumes.

When satin, silk or moire is to be draped with painted chiffon, only the chiffon is carried off by the artist, who is instructed to paint upon a wide flounce of white chiffon small clusters of pink rose buds or of violets, perhaps. The price sometimes determines the abundance of the painted designs, sometimes not.

No two women, it is learned, order a painted gown in just the same way. One will have a fancy to have the painting done by a water color artist of note and in that case, she herself will be likely to call at his studio and make a bargain in her own behalf, look over his pictures

#### SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European artists that were brought to this country for his villa at Forest Park, Ga. The high excellence of programme to be in rare excellence of programme to be in

#### NOBLE WORK

The Civic Improvement League will, this year, through its Committee on Play-grounds, add to the list of the best playgrounds in the city. These playgrounds are the best playgrounds in the city. These playgrounds are the best playgrounds in the city.

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and pick out the designs she wishes to trail around on draperies of silk or satin. In a case of this kind \$1,000 or more will cheerfully be paid for what she considers masterpieces of floral water color painting. Five hundred dollars, however, comes nearer the price paid to artists of some note in return for the work they put upon a single gown.

Other customers of the Paris couturieres, after selecting the designs they wish to have painted and the colors, leave the rest to the maker of the gown who immediately sends—not to the artists of established reputation, but to the strugglers, Paris is full of them—who are never too busy to get out an order on short notice and small pay.

But even in cases of this kind, the customer always pays a good round sum for hand painting, no matter what proportion of the sum reaches the painter.

Long carriage wraps and opera cloaks are also being hand painted in gorgeous patterns on back grounds of not only white, but all the delicate tints.—New York Sun.



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## THE IMPORTANT CORSET

Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, president of the Dressmakers' Protective Association, has been talking again. Miss White differs from most women who talk for publication in that she never rocks her tongue in her chin-cradle unless she has something to say. And when she gives utterance to her views her sex hearkens, for she always discusses a subject dear to every female heart and with which she is familiar. It is the subject of the female form divine. Miss White is a crank on the corset, and she loves to expatiate on how it should not be worn. Last year, when the Dressmakers' Protective Association met, several of the members who take themselves seriously undertook to decree what the styles for the coming season should be, but Miss White wasted no time on that subject. She knew that the fashions would come from Paris as usual, and that no convention of American dressmakers could usurp the functions of the Parisian modistes. So she devoted herself to her hobby, and sought to enlighten her sex on the uses and abuses of that most important article in the paraphernalia of the toilet known as the straight-front corset. She challenged contradiction of the proposition that it is impossible for a woman to have a stylish figure without a straight-front corset properly adjusted. And then she made the astounding assertion that only about one woman in every one hundred knows how to get into a corset properly. She said that she was constantly meeting women on the street whom she would like to drag into doorways and readjust their corsets. At this year's convention Miss White demonstrated her methods on models, and is said to have shown that it was possible by correct corseting to impart grace to an awkward figure. She ought to quit dressmaking and take to the lecture platform. Anybody who can show women with awkward figures how to create graceful lines without resorting to hip-pads, quilted skirts and fictitious busts should be able to reap a golden harvest in the lecture field. That the sex has learned to do wonderful things with the corset there is not the slightest doubt. Before the straight-front garment came into use it was customary for women to compress their diaphragm and force up their bust in a manner that was highly injurious. In those days they adjusted the figure to the corset, and having laced the garment once they forced themselves into it ever after, never loosening the laces or changing the size except if a reduction appeared feasible. Now we are told by the exponents of higher fashion that the corset is unlaced as well as unclasped every night and readjusted in the morning. The pressure is no longer over the diaphragm, and there is no contortion of the bust, and yet there is no evidence of *embonpoint*. Indeed, the straight-front corset is a boon to the woman with a high stomach. It has received the unqualified endorsement of that great singing teacher, Madame Marchesi, who says that she wonders how women who used to compress their diaphragm in the old days were ever able to sing. It is also a boon to the woman

who affected those hideous excrescences known as hip-pads, though, according to Miss White, they are still worn by women who do not know how to corset themselves, and who imagine that they cannot be detected afar off. But this is a subject that profane man can hardly be expected to discuss intelligently. It involves mysteries that he cannot hope to solve, and which are as an open book to Miss White.



## FAIR GROUNDS RACING

Racing was resumed at the Fair Grounds last Saturday and the local turf season will conclude with this month's performances over the old course. The Delmar track closed its gates for the year last Friday afternoon.

The feature of the Fair Grounds' opening was the defeat of Hilee in the October selling stake. The old gelding was unable to keep up with Bridge, from the Bratton stable, who set a terrific pace throughout, and who won rather handily from Lady Strathmore. Hilee was beaten off by several lengths.

The same day, Siddara accomplished a feat but seldom seen on a race course—that of jumping the fence, running away for a mile or so, and then coming back and winning the race. Her price went up after her leap over the rail, but she won handily, just the same.

Her performance recalls that of Nyx at Kinloch two years ago. Nyx went to the post quietly enough but commenced raising trouble after getting there. She finally ran away with little Boyd, covered six furlongs at top speed, and then tried to jump into the paddock.

She failed to clear the rail, but broke through it. Her knees were skinned, but she was led back to the post. She not only got off well and won the race, but made time comparing favorably to any of the meeting.


Fair week has been drawing out big crowds, and the attendance at the track has been unusually large. The old course seems the most popular with race goers, and the daily attendance is better than that at Delmar.



When a boy in Smyrna, Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, once paused to speak to Adjib, a scribe of Smyrna, on the highway. Adjib's robe was as white as snow, but there was a hole in it. "There is a hole in your robe, Adjib," Justice Brewer said. "I know it," Adjib replied. "If you know it why don't you darn it?" Brewer asked. "For the sake of appearances," Adjib answered; "a hole may be an accident of the most recent happening. A hole will pass upon a king, a noble, or the most rich and powerful person. But a darn is the sign of poverty. There is no getting around it, no misunderstanding it. I can not afford to wear a darned robe."



While in England, Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please



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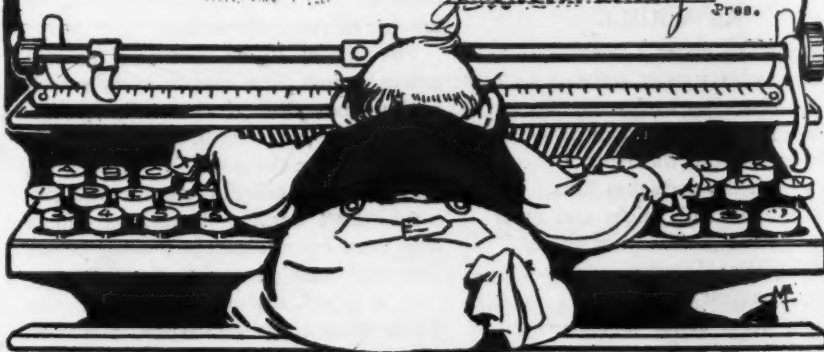
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him immensely. After the seance was over, he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with the twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded: "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has, I shall be a stark-naked fool."



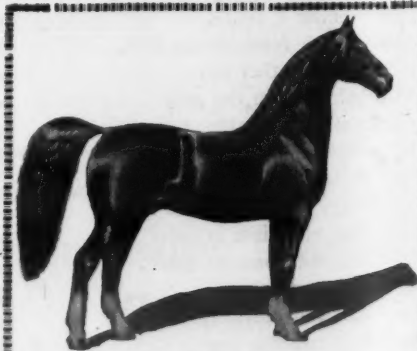
Nodd—I told my wife to let me know at least a week ahead when she was coming back to town from her vacation. Todd—Why so far ahead? Nodd—I wanted a chance to get back myself.—*Ex.*



Brannigan—The doctor told me to get a porous plaster for me stomach. Druggist—Yes, sir; what sort do you want? Brannigan—"Tis little I care what sort it is so long as 'tis aisily digested.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



Another brute: Mrs. Pretty—Isn't it strange? Mrs. Beauti has not put on mourning for her husband. Mr. Pretty—I understand that her late husband particularly requested that she should not. Mrs. Pretty—The brute! I suppose he knew how lovely she would look in it.—*Pick-Me-Up.*



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SOCIETY

Miss Lucille Chouteau, Queen of this year's Veiled Prophet ball, represents in her daintily dignified person the French-American aristocracy of St. Louis. She is the great-great-granddaughter of Auguste Chouteau, founder of St. Louis. On her mother's side she is a Chauvin, a highly aristocratic name in the annals of early local history. And she is the third Lucille in direct line of descendancy. Her grandmother, Mrs. Louis Hirschberg, was the first Lucille Chauvin; her mother the second, and the Queen of the V. P. ball is the third. Though scarcely a debutante, the choice was eminently fitting at this day in the honoring of the daughter of a man, whose ancestors founded St. Louis, and of a mother, whose family lent beauty and culture throughout several generations to the early social life of the World's Fair City.

The three Maids of Honor, given to the Court of the Queen by the wise and mighty Prophet, were Misses Stella Wade, Lucile Hopkins and Gertrude Ballard. They represent wealth, beauty and culture, singly and collectively. Stella Wade, a lovely girl, and her father's pet, is but one removed from first honors, which may fall to her another season. Lucile Hopkins is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hopkins, of Lindell boulevard. She is a beauty, like her sisters, Mildred, and the fascinating Mrs. Goodman King. Gertrude Ballard, petite and bonny-faced, stylish and graceful, was the third of this royal court allotted to a real queen. The Prophets never before had a Queen and court in which beauty was so generally the distinguishing characteristic.

The elder Geraghty, father of the happy bridegroom, who carried off last week's queen of brides, beautiful Marie Walsh, set an impetuous, if not conventional, fashion by springing from his seat close to the altar and vigorously congratulating his son at the conclusion of the wedding ceremony. Mr. Geraghty evidently realized his son's great good luck, and felt as much justified in congratulating him, as others were in extending good wishes to the bride.

Near relatives of Mr. George H. Plant admit that an engagement exists between that gentleman and Mrs. A. Dean Cooper, and that the wedding will be one of the early winter events to be quietly solemnized in the presence of the nearest family members.

Another engagement which has passed the stage of doubtfulness, and is soon to be announced, is that of Miss Lillie Lambert, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Lambert, who has made her home with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert, to George Updicke, son of Mrs. George W. Updicke, of McPherson avenue.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Tichenor and Mr. Houston T. Force, was quietly solemnized in Chicago, at the home of Dr. N. A. Tichenor, brother of the bride. Misses Anna and Delphine Force, daughters of the bridegroom, attended the wedding and shortly afterwards returned to St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Force are now away on their wedding journey.

When they return by the middle of the month they will locate at No. 4343 West Morgan street.

The advent of twin boy babies at the home of Mrs. George Niedringhaus, who was charming Fanita Hayward, is a happy event to be chronicled for last week. This makes Mr. William F. Niedringhaus a grand pere for the tenth time, and the ancestor of ten fine boys to carry on the distinguished family name. Miss Eleanore Niedringhaus will remain in New York to await the return of her sister, Blanche, from abroad, and return with her to St. Louis in November.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence Blair have decided to close or rent their summer home, "Airdrie," at Kirkwood, and come to the city for the winter, but this removal does not mean that the Blairs will give up their interest in matters social and intellectual in Kirkwood. Mr. Blair will inaugurate the forthcoming season of the Kirkwood Monday Evening Club, one of his pet institutions, with a paper on "Modern Business Morals."

Mrs. Wyatt Shallcross will give up her Von Versen avenue home, and take up quarters in one of the fashionable West End hotels till after the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Faust, Sr., and Mrs. A. D. Giannini left Reichenhall a few days ago and are now at Kreuznach. In a short time they will go to the Villa Lily for a three weeks' stay as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch. A number of Mr. Busch's friends will assemble for a gala "skat" game, before he returns to America in November.

Mr. William D. Waters came up from Charlottesville, Va., this week to visit old friends and be present at the Fall Festivities. Mrs. Waters, who was one of the handsomest matrons at Washington last winter, will accompany her husband to St. Louis on his next trip.

The fashionable nuptial event of the week was that of Miss Mathilde Anderson and Mr. Edward S. Puller, the ceremony taking place at the Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Samuel Nicolls officiating. Miss Anderson and Mr. Puller were unattended. Mr. Al Lederman and Mr. Chris Kenney served as ushers. On account of the illness of the bride's aunt, Mrs. M. A. Lague, no reception followed the ceremony, as had been originally announced. Mr. and Mrs. Puller left on the noon train for the East for a month's honeymooning. Upon their return they will go house-keeping in a home on Forest Park boulevard. Last spring Miss Anderson officiated as maid of honor at two weddings, that of Mrs. Jack Crawford, who was Ella Beers, and Mrs. Zabriskie, who was Belle Loader. The third proved the charm—by being her own.

One of two out-of-town weddings of this week was that of Eugene Abadie to Miss Alice Bolling, of Memphis, Tenn. A large party of St. Louisans left last Friday on a private car to attend the nuptials, among them Col. and Mrs. Eugene Abadie, the bridegroom's parents. Mrs. Pierre Bermond, who was Miss Nina Abadie, came up from Austin, Tex., to go with her parents to Louisville. Mr. Christy Hutchinson was Mr. Abadie's best man.

The second of the out-of-the-city wed-

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dings, in which prominent St. Louisans were interested, was that of yesterday at Wickliffe, Kan., where Miss Lucy Marshall Turner became the wife of Mr. L. Wade Childress. Miss Turner is a cousin of Mrs. I. G. Baker and Mrs. J. S. Fuqua, at whose home she frequently visited. Mr. and Mrs. Childress, after a short wedding trip, will come to St. Louis to reside.

A quietly fashionable wedding on last Saturday was that of Miss Frances Dailey, daughter of Mrs. Daily, of West Pine boulevard, and Mr. Charles Lewis Lyle, which took place at St. Francis Xavier's Church at the six o'clock vesper service. The bride was attended by Miss Rebecca Lyle, as maid of honor. Mr. Lester Ayton served the groom as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lyle are now on their honeymoon journey, and upon their return from there will be located at 4205 Maryland avenue.

The Gillespie-Cunningham nuptials were also a late Saturday evening event, which took place at the home in Portland place of Mrs. Samuel W. Fordyce, aunt of Miss Jane Gillespie. Lieutenant Thomas Cunningham is in the Eighth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. He was attended by Lieut. Frank Keller, of the same regiment. Miss Gillespie had for her matron of honor Mrs. Samuel W. Fordyce, Jr. Mrs. David S. Stanley, who formerly was Jane Fordyce, came on from San Francisco to attend her cousin's wedding.

One of the season's debutantes will be Miss Adele Humphrey, daughter of Mr. F. W. Humphrey. She has just returned from a fashionable Eastern fin-

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Typewriting Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

ishing school. Mrs. John W. Loader, of Lindell boulevard, will chaperone Miss Humphrey.

Mrs. George S. McGrew came home from Kentucky, where she had been visiting since her return from New York, to serve as matron of honor at the V. P. ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Nugent returned



from their long summer trip abroad, and are again located in their beautiful home in Westmoreland place.

Mrs. Forest Ferguson, who has been spending the summer in California with relatives, has returned for the Fall Festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Sampson and their daughters, are back from an extended journey in the East, and a long sojourn at their cottage on the New England coast.

The opening of the new American Restaurant, under the management of that clever boniface, Louis Caesar, was one of the society events of last week. Tables were engaged long in advance, and among those who occupied them were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neil, Alexander Konta with a party of friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Benjamin, Max Koehler, Al Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ehlerman and friends, and Otto Schultz.

Col. Sidney M. Hedges, captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, is the central figure of the Redcoats' celebration in Boston this week. He is a near relative of Mr. Isaac A. Hedges of St. Louis, whose family comes from New England.

The Grand Avenue Hotel Confectionery and Bakery, Grand avenue and Olive street, prepares twice a day fresh the finest, most wholesome bread, rolls, cakes, pastry, ices and ice creams and confections of every description. Meals at all hours.

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A newly arrived Westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand: "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said the Westerner; "you can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money." You can live comfortably anywhere if you're properly shod. And you can't be properly shod, if you don't get your shoes at Swope's. Swope's shoes are best in fit, in finish, in durability. They cost good money, but they're "the" goods. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

### THEATRICALS

#### RESURRECTION.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection" in its stage—not its dramatic—form, is fatuously feeble melodrama. Not melodrama of the lurid, old-fashioned type, with a flamboyantly virtuous heroine, and a model manly hero who endures all manner of iniquitous persecutions during five long acts, to be rewarded with the hand of the impeccable lady in the sixth; but modern, eccentric, erotic melodrama which is ashamed of its name, and deceitfully deals with disgusting psychological and pathological questions to pad out a fetid, feculent mess of prayer and prurience. The horrible exhibition of harlotry—disgustingly detailed—inculcates no lesson. The moral of the master has been perverted by holding out to us a hint that the betrayer, *Prince Dimitri*, may ultimately find consolation with the *Princess* after his final refusal by *Maslova*—a cynical commentary on Tolstoy's text that the wages of sin is death.

In adapting the book M. M. Bataille and Morton employed the same ingenuity in perverting established rules of drama that they exhibited in their misinterpretation of the master. The stage version begins with a wholly impertinent prologue, the dramatic aspect of which is marred by the behavior of *Katusha Maslova*, in that she shows startling lack of discretion, not to say so complete a knowledge of the impropriety of her conduct, that it should have caused so proficient a rake as *Prince Dimitri* to pause and question the order of his accession to her favor. Every vestige of exposition afforded by this prologue is reiterated in the strained scene in the jury room. In this scene, which occurs after a lapse of ten years, the principal character—*Maslova*—does not appear, but the *Prince* is on hand, unchanged by time, even to indulging his propensity for soliloquy so flagrantly exploited in the prologue a decade earlier.

For the transfer to the *Princess* drawing room, there is no obvious reason from a dramatic standpoint, as the dramatists, instead of showing the *Princess Marie* as an artful creature, making every effort to capture the *Prince*—thus picturing Tolstoy's caustic castigation of society—show us an unselfish girl with

lofty ideas of self-sacrifice, who, after being garrulously garroted, releases the priggish, preaching *Dimitri* from his engagement to her, and naively queries: "Is my Lord pleased with me?"

Then the prison, the one strong, realistic scene—a horrifying, revolting episode carefully translated from the novel. Another superfluous act—in the Prison Infirmary—follows, and then the inevitable road to Siberia, trodden by phantoms who contribute nothing to the action of the piece, who mean nothing, and who finally considerably efface themselves to give *Maslova* an opportunity to again avow her love for, and again reject, her betrayer, and then to consecrate her life to the uplifting of her fallen sisters.

The regeneration of *Maslova's* soul might have been more economically, and quite as adequately, accomplished in two acts: the jury room and the prison, without the glut of superfluous characters who ambled on and off the stage, apparently for no other reason than to clog the action of the piece.

As far as possible, Blanche Walsh, by the superb strength of her acting, redeems this rot. In the prison scene, where she is required to exhibit intelligibly the extraordinary transition from hardened harlotry to ennobling benevolence, all in a very short space of time, and without plausible excuse, Miss Walsh accomplishes the subtle gradations of her metamorphosis with consummate artistry. This achievement is unique, in that it begins at a blatant, bawling pitch, in which all the actress' crude power is rampant, and ends in a pathetic, subdued monotone, poignant, intense. Here Miss Walsh attains a moment of complete illusion—the only one in the play.

Pierre Marteau.

Phoebe Davis has played the part of Anne Moore ever since "Way Down East," which is the attraction at the Olympic Theater this week, was first put on the stage; that is a couple of thousand times and over. Although every word and motion must have become mechanical by this time, Miss Davis gives no such impression to her audiences. Her tears and smiles, her sorrows and triumphs are real, live emotions, and because of their realism appeal over and over again to audiences, who see the play every time it comes here. An excellent cast not only in the leading, but all minor parts, supports Miss Davis. Next week Mr. Short will present a new play, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a dramatization of Mrs. Rice's two famous stories, produced by Liebler and Company. Well-known people will appear in the cast. Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke, mother of Eleanor Robson, will be Mrs. Wiggs, Mabel Taliaferro, Lovey Mary, Helen Lowell, Miss Hazy, and William T. Hodge, Mr. Stubbins. The opening performance will be given Sunday night, October 11.

The famous Hanlons, fathers, brothers and sons, have constructed many mystifying mechanisms for their "Superba," which is on view at the Grand Opera House this week, but none more



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startling than the railroad climax in the third act. A tiny train, with locomotive properly head-lighted, dashes over the stage from right to left. A moment later there is an explosion and a transformation. Two monster engines crash forward on the stage, one coming so dangerously close to the music director's head, that he gladly dodges it, lest it might run amuck. Then both engines glow with a sizzling red,—the effect of the explosion, and the curtain drops. The scene is so weird and startling, that at first the audience sits spellbound, then breaks out into such deafening applause as scenes of this nature always evoke. Next week George Evans, of "Honey Boy" fame, will appear at the Grand Opera House in a \$25,000 production of the new musical comedy, "The Good Old Summer Time."

Heinemann and Welb's German Stock Company, at the Odéon, opened its season under propitious auspices last Sunday night. A delightful performance of "Das Theaterdorf" was given by almost the entire company, which is strong and finely balanced. German actors play with remarkable skill in the observance of detail, and that perfection in art marked the entire performance. Tonight Oscar Blumenthal's "Der Probepfeil," (Cupid's Trial Dart), will be given with Max Agarty, the leading juvenile, in a brilliant part. The author aims to show by comical scenes and situations, spiced with seriousness, that first love, "puppy love," is seldom lasting. He succeeds admirably in besetting the hero and heroine with trials and tribulations, as well as palpable intrigues, but brings them out of this labyrinth with flying colors, and entirely cured of their first follies. The play is a refined comedy of the conventional type and cast in a locale that might suit St. Louis as well as any continental city.

At the Imperial Theater this week is given the first production at popular prices of "The Middleman," a play with which the public has always associated E. S. Willard, the famous English actor, and all the way from a dollar to two dollars a seat. "The Middleman" is refined melodrama, full of pathos, quaint comedy, a tragic color which melts into the silver fleece of passing clouds, with a happy ending for all. This is always satisfying in a play that has strung the human emotions to the highest pitch. Manager John H. Havlin, who has secured this play for Fair Week, when many people with no other chance in the world to do so, but the present one, can enjoy it at small cost, deserves the thanks of the community for such enterprise. Horace Lewis, a young actor, who has done good work in St. Louis, appears in the leading part, made famous by Mr. Willard. "The Scout's Revenge" is underlined for next week.

The Walter Jones Comic Opera Company, with a dozen or more Eastern top-liners in the cast, is booked to appear at the Century Theater, next Sunday, in a presentation of the very latest sensation in a musical comedy line, "The Sleepy

King." From a musical standpoint, this piece probably surpassed all its predecessors. The book was written by George V. Hobart. Giovanni Conterno, the well-known New York bandmaster and musician, is responsible for the excellent musical numbers in the book. The work of the librettist is clever, witty and sparkling.

Next week at the Standard there will be a treat in the shape of light extravaganza and vaudeville, which will be provided by the famous "Parisian Widows" Burlesquers. The olio will be up to the high water of rare excellence, and contains such well known artists as Bert Leslie, assisted by Marie Richmond and Company, Bison City Quartette, leaders of all harmonious fellows; the Simpsons, world's greatest drum and Xylophone artists; Annie Peyser, in dainty ditties, who sings coon songs as they should be sung, and Chas. Falk, the sweet tenor and song illustrator.

#### NO PASSES ON THAT LINE

Peter Dressler, an old Pennsylvania politician, and long the coroner of Allegheny County, had, among other traits, a peculiar fondness for free railroad passes, and never let an opportunity of securing one go by. On one occasion he was hearing the evidence in a rather celebrated case when a neatly dressed, gentlemanly appearing young man was called to the witness chair. Looking him over carefully, the coroner asked, "What's your name?" "George Blank." "What's your occupation?" "Secretary of the Y. M. C. A." "Turning to his clerk, the coroner whispered: "John, have we got any passes over that line?"

Hicks—We had a great time at the club last night. Sorry not to see you there, Charley. Mrs. Porter (after Hicks had gone)—Why, Charles, you told me you spent the whole of last evening at the club. Mr. Porter (with great presence of mind)—So I did, my dear. The reason Hicks didn't see me was because he wasn't there himself. Trying to deceive his wife probably. Mrs. Porter—The wretch! And he would try to rob me of the confidence I have in you! I always did see something about that man I didn't like.—*Tit-Bits.*

#### SARAH'S GOOD REASON

A family in the South had a coal-black cook named Sarah, whose husband was suddenly killed in a quarry accident. For the time being her grief was allayed by the preparations for an elaborate funeral, and on the day of this event, so dear to negroes, who desire to show their importance, she appeared before her mistress in deepest black, but on her hands were a pair of white gloves such as soldiers wear at dress parade and guard mount.

"Why, aunty," exclaimed her mistress, "what made you get white gloves?"

Sarah drew herself up indignantly, and said in the chilliest tones: "Don't you suppose I wants dem niggahs to see dat I'se got on gloves?"

Patsy—Mom, won't yer gimme me

candy, now? Mrs. Casey—Didn't oi tell ye oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still? Patsy—Yes'm, but—Mrs. Casey—Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

#### THE NEW FOOT BALL

In the first half, a player had his cap knocked off.

But there was no demonstration, except by some fashionable girls in a tallyho, who jeered sarcastically and tore up their flags.

In the second half a substitute suffered an attack of indigestion. He was able to walk off the field, however, and elicited little enthusiasm.

At the end of the game the spectators clamored for their money back. But the police, with great presence of mind, promptly shot ten or a dozen persons, and the sight of the blood soon put the crowd in good humor.—*Life.*

Dangerous Examples: Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant)—Yes, she was an excellent girl in every way, except she would imitate me in dress, and things like that. Miss Short—Ah, yes, I noticed she began doing it when she came to me; but she's given it up now. Mrs. Long—I'm glad to hear it. I expect she saw she was making herself ridiculous.—*Punch.*

#### PRESENCE OF MIND

It was ten minutes past the hour for the ceremony and the bridegroom had not come. It afterwards developed that he had run over in his automobile a man who had money, and was unavoidably detained, but this did not appear at the time.

The bride, however, was not flustered. "Is there," she demanded, "no millionaire in the audience who will marry me?"

An ice man, who had long wanted to break into society, signified his assent, and the ceremony proceeded. For, as the bride afterwards remarked:

"To disappoint our guests would have been bad form."—*Life.*

The Manila American has discovered the champion circulation liar." He is acting as editor of the *Thundering Dawn*, a Buddhist organ just started in Tokyo. Here is his greeting to the public: "This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

Economical: First Farmer—Did they hev fire-escapes at the hotel where ye slept, Zeke? Second Farmer—No, but it was the most eckernomical tavern I ever seen. First Farmer—In what way, Zeke? Second Farmer—Why, they had a rope hanging in every room, so that you could commit suicide without wastin' the gas.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

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## EXPENSIVE FUNERALS

The man in California who directed that his body be interred in a pine box, as a protest against expensive funerals, has left a lesson which is worthy of consideration. It is about time that some act was done or word spoken which would call attention to a growing evil.

It is a well known fact that the most elaborate funeral displays are made by those who can least afford them. This is particularly true of the colored people. It is not an uncommon sight to see a long line of carriages, headed by a heavily draped hearse standing in front of some insignificant house, the display being all the more conspicuous because of its contrast with the surroundings. Through a mistaken idea of the courtesy due to the dead, or through an inexcusable desire to be ostentatious, the bereaved family loads itself down with a debt that hangs over it like a millstone for many years. The money that is spent for carriages would buy bread or pay rent. In fact, almost any use to which it might be put would be better than its foolish expenditure for display. The mockery of the funeral is all the more evident when the vehicles which go to make up the procession are filled with people who regard the whole affair as a pleasant excursion. Behind the hearse come the sorrowing relatives, and then come the mourners—God save the mark—whose faces show neither sympathy nor sorrow, and whose enjoyment of the unusual privilege of a drive is too plain to be disguised.

The time will come when, with rare exceptions, public funerals will be a thing of the past. As a matter of fact, all the finer characteristics of human nature appeal now for the most private burial. Into the darkened room the public has no right to intrude itself. The weeping ones ought to be left alone in their grief—a grief too private and sacred to be exposed to the comment of those who are outside of the stricken circle. When the services and character of a man have been such as to demand formal recognition over his bier there may be some reasonable excuse for a public funeral; but, as a general rule, privacy should be the chief feature of an interment. The sooner that this is realized the sooner will funerals be dignified and solemn occasions, befitting the presence of death. There is enough morbid curiosity in the world without affording unnecessary opportunity for its display.—*Washington Post*.



Class Amusements: "Don't you think the amusements of many society people are very nonsensical?" "Sometimes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not as nonsensical as the amusements of those people who amuse themselves by imagining how society people amuse themselves."—*Washington Star*.



At a house party in Devonshire Lord Salisbury one evening was playing whist, impeded by a partner of unusual stupidity. Nevertheless the two were carrying off the honors; it almost seemed so brilliant were Lord Salisbury's plays, that they would win.

In the middle of the game a young

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woman paused beside the noted statesman. She put her hand on his sturdy shoulder and she said:

"Well, how are you getting on?"

"Very well indeed," replied Lord Salisbury, "considering I have three adversaries."



## SCRAPS OF ANCIENT HISTORY

Troilus and Cressida were in the conservatory, sitting out the waltz.

He had just asked her for a kiss, and she was seriously considering the proposition, when Thersites, scowling and ill-favored, butted in.

"Your pardon," said he to Cressida, "but I believe this is our two-step."

"My dear Paris," remarked Helen, as she lolled in the cozy corner, "you were out rather late last night."

"Yes, darling," admitted Paris, holding his aching head and trying to look cheerful.

"Knights of Pythias meeting?"

"No."

"Did the Elks have a social session?"

Paris shook his head.

"Then tell me," said Helen, desperately, "I am prepared for the worst."

Paris admitted, after some coaxing, that he had joined the Eagles, and then it was that Helen wept, for well she knew that it was all off.

Hannibal sat in his tent, dictating letters to his amanuensis and trying to be brave in the face of adversity. His army had crossed the Alps, and Rome loomed up in the distance, but alas, there were signs of mutiny in the ranks.

Shouts of rage resounded outside the tent, and a corporal entered hastily.

"What now?" demanded Hannibal.

"Noble master, they are burning the secretary of war in effigy. We have

discovered that the meat brought from Carthage is embalmed beef!"

Which proves conclusively that the ancients, too, had their troubles.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.



## SOME SATISFACTION

Secretary Shaw once visited a college president, who is also a "reverend," and was invited to stay for supper with the doctor and his family. A telephone had just been added to the luxuries of the household, and the preacher was at the moment somewhat wrought up in an effort to communicate with a near-by town. He had sat at the telephone desk, with the receiver to his ear, held in place by resting his elbow on the table, and ejaculating "Hello" with nearly every breath for something like fifteen minutes. In the meantime, his wife had been urging him to leave the instrument and come to the supper table. This he finally did. He sat down, and the family composed itself for the usual grace. The doctor rested his elbow on the table, placed his hand to his head and, greatly to the surprise and horror of the family, he ejaculated in a subdued tone, "Hello!"



He had risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and, of course, her father was duly grateful. "Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter." "None whatever, sir," replied the amateur life-saver; "I am already married."—*Chicago Daily News*.



The visitor—"Why are you here, my misguided friend?" The prisoner—"I'm

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Century Building, St. Louis

the victim of the unlucky number thirteen." The visitor—"Indeed; how's that?" The prisoner—"Twelve jurors and one judge."—*Sporting Times*.



# A WIFE OUT OF TOWN

FIRST YEAR.

*My Own Precious Darling Tootsey Woolsey:* I am dying for you, I cannot live without you. It was a mistake for us ever to part. Do you feel the same? Oh, tell me you do. It seems only yesterday that we were on our honeymoon, and now life is a desert. If I could only clasp you in my arms! Ten thousand kisses with this. Your own passionate, longing LOVEY DOVEY.

SECOND YEAR.

*My Darling Sweetheart:* I cannot quite reconcile myself to these annual separations, but, of course, dear, I know it is all for the best. I am so lonesome without you, but I try to bear up. I wonder if you miss me as much as I do you. I feel that I am loving you more and more all the time, and long so much to clasp you in my arms. A thousand kisses with this. Your own GEORGE.

THIRD YEAR.

*My Dearest Love:* I am glad you are having such a good time, and note that you miss me. Well, sweetheart, I, too, miss you, but the days drag along somehow. It is awfully hot in town, but Jack and Jim and Henry are here and we manage to pass the time. I send a check with this. I never seem to know quite how much I love you until we are separated. A hundred kisses with this. Your devoted HUBBY.

FOURTH YEAR.

*Dearest:* I am writing this in a great hurry. Don't worry about me—you really mustn't. I'm all right. I have a slight headache this morning, but feel sure it will pass away before noon. Stay as long as you like—now, won't you? But don't spend any more cash than you can help. I need it in my business. Well, dear, I must close, with a kiss. Yours always, GEORGE.

FIFTH YEAR.

*My Dear Wife:* Yours received, and I note your request for more money. For heaven's sake, my dear, remember that I'm not J. P. Morgan. Where did you put those poker chips? I've looked for them everywhere. I'll bet you took them with you. Now, don't hurry back and make this check last as long as possible. Kiss the kids for me. Yours, GEORGE.

—Town Topics.

## CHOATE'S HIT

Franklin Lane, of San Francisco, is telling a very good story which came out at the luncheon table on the occasion of his lunching with the President. Gov. Francis, of Missouri, was present, and the Governor was thanking the President for the letters which the Chief Executive gave him for his Continental trip, and which naturally make the Governor's stay abroad a very agreeable one. "And how did Choate treat you?" inquired the President.

Francis replied that he was very agreeable. "I told him," he said, "that he had made a great hit with the women of Missouri when, in response to a question as to what he would choose to be if he were reincarnated, he said he would prefer to be Mrs. Choate's second

husband. I told him they thought it a very graceful compliment to his wife. He laughed and said he was glad the story made a hit in Missouri, for it fell rather flat in England. Of course, I wanted to know why, and he said that shortly after the *not* became public he met the Duchess of Devonshire, who is considered one of the cleverest women in England, and she said, "Oh, Mr. Choate, I've been wanting to ask you something ever since I heard that story. Who is Mrs. Choate's second husband?"



## LAY OF THE CITY PAVEMENT

They took a little gravel,  
And they took a little tar,  
With various ingredients  
Imported from afar.  
They hammered it and rolled it,  
And when they went away  
They said they had a pavement  
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it  
To lay a water main;  
And then they ycalled the workmen  
To put it back again.  
To run a railway cable  
They took it up some more;  
And then they put it back again  
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits  
To run the telephone,  
And then they put it back again  
As hard as any stone,  
They took it up for wires  
To feed the 'lectric light,  
And then they put it back again,  
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;  
There are patches everywhere;  
You'd like to ride upon it,  
But it's seldom that you dare,  
It's a very handsome pavement,  
A credit to the town;  
They're always diggin' of it up  
Or puttin' of it down.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



## A LITERAL-MINDED CLASS

A teacher in one of the schools near Philadelphia had one day been so disturbed by the buzzing of lips and shuffling of feet of the children that she was on the verge of distraction. Finally she said: "Children, I cannot stand so much noise. Please be quiet for a little while, at least. Let me see if you can't be so still that you could hear a pin drop."

Instantly every child became as still as a mouse. Then a little boy in a back seat piped out, with marked impatience:

"Well, let her drop!"



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All our records and oculists' prescriptions were saved from the fire, and we are prepared to duplicate broken lenses as heretofore.

We fill Oculists' Prescriptions with a scientific accuracy to be obtained nowhere else.

Eyes  
Tested  
Free

Eyes  
Tested  
Free

Optical Authorities of America

### PATRIOTISM

A man who gets intoxicated only on legal holidays does not fall into the drunkard category, according to Judge Harper, of the Common Pleas Court of Stark County, O. In a divorce suit brought by Minnie Rerick against William Rerick the allegation was made that the husband is an habitual drunkard. The defendant testified that he got drunk on national holidays only and that the wife could prove nothing else. The judge, in summing up the case, declared the plaintiff had failed to sustain her chief allegation and he refused to grant her separation.

❖ ❖ ❖

### \$12.00 TO NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN.

Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell round trip tickets at above rate from St. Louis and Cairo, Ill., and intermediate stations to New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery and other Southern points on October 20. Liberal limits and stop-overs. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

❖ ❖ ❖

There have been eighty convictions of German sergeants for abuse of privates during the past three months, and about two hundred courts-martial are pending. The administration of the army is making the most determined efforts to stop these brutalities, which Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, detailed in a ferocious three hours' speech in the Reichstag last spring. The weak reply of General von Gossler on the following day probably cost him his place as minister of war. It has long been the theory of German military men that a little rough treatment was good for privates, and cultivated manhood in them.

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NO. 30 BROAD STREET. NEW YORK  
30 COLEMAN STREET. LONDON, E. C.  
CABLE ADDRESS "HASKSELLS"  
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**MUSIC**

Teachers, as a rule, find it hard to impart a knowledge of harmony to pupils, and pupils experience difficulty in obtaining it. These conditions, however, will exist no longer, for the

**Sohmer Harmony Chart**

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explains all so simply and completely that even the most backward pupil can understand harmony almost at a glance. It is equally valuable to teacher and student, both vocal and instrumental.

Endorsed by Edouard de Reszke, Robyn, Kroeger and other noted authorities.

At all music dealers, price, \$1.00, or send direct to  
**John Feld Music Co. St. Louis, Mo.**  
Sole Manufacturers and Distributors

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**GEORGE L. CORLISS, Dean,**  
402 Commercial Building, St. Louis, Mo.



## A WEIRD FLIRTATION

BY MARGARET SCHENK.

To one of the most prominent of this city's residents there once befell the singular occurrence that is related here, and that he declares to have been the most startling of any he ever experienced. He was staying with his wife and children at a hotel in a great commercial center, preparing to depart on the morrow for a pleasure resort.

"It was rather late in the afternoon," said Mr. Goldaracena, in speaking of the affair, "and I occupied a big, comfortable lounging chair that I had drawn into the bay window while I went over the current periodicals.

"Although my story was cheerful and the room was cosy and warm, I experienced an indefinite but distinct feeling of chill.

"Vainly I endeavored to dispel it, but the shadow hung over me like a pall, vague yet insistent, unknown, unnamed, yet vital as death, and freezing the very marrow in my bones.

"There was such a ken subconsciousness of a horror near me that suddenly I tossed aside my book, and with a gulp of terror glanced apprehensively over my shoulder—expecting to see I know not what.

It was terror and more terrible from its ambiguity—dim, unformulated, hideous, unintelligible.

"Why did the very hairs of my head stiffen, and the blood of my body congeal?

"Suddenly I seemed to feel eyes upon me, vividly luminous eyes, whose too glorious effulgence burned in upon my consciousness; whose glance demanded and enforced an instant recognition. I looked this way and that, and there, across the narrow way, standing at the window of a large apartment house opposite, I saw a woman, young, beautiful, and wreathing her lips the sweetest, most inscrutable smile I ever saw.

"Evidently she had been glancing my way for some time, and as our glances met she smiled again, a strange, slow, subtle smile, then dropped her eyes demurely.

"She was of a peculiar yet placid cast of beauty, her features were of an exquisite classical type, her skin of a delicate pallor, like the cream of a water lily or the waxen white of a magnolia blossom. She was gown'd in purest white, the delicacy of her skin being enhanced by a strip of scarlet velvet at the throat and some touch of cardinal in the front of her gown.

"My heart thumped audibly; mayhap my vanity was flattered, I cannot say, but certainly my gaze was drawn to hers by some potent, magnetic force that held me captive—a force untellable that froze me while it thrilled me, that created within me extreme consternation and supreme desire.

"I was as a man drunk, fascinated, hypnotized. I was as a man in a dream! Presently realizing these feelings, I endeavored to rouse myself, to shake loose from the crowd of emotions that seemed about to smother me. In vain—I could not even simulate an interest in my book. My eyes traveled again and again to that strangely sad, sweet



## UNITED STATES TRUST CO. OF ST. LOUIS,

United States Trust Bldg., N. E. Cor. Broadway and Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

face, whose glances spoke of mysteries revealed; of dreams come true; of Hell suffered, then left behind; of Heaven lost, and then regained.

"At times she seemed to lean against the casement, pallid and motionless; again her face seemed alight with the most exulting and radiant of all smiles.

"As dusk crept on I felt that even I myself was but a vague, unreal being—perhaps I slept. Then I rubbed my eyes briskly and called my wife to come to the window.

"For a minute or two she stood silently behind my chair, and watched the young woman opposite; then she shuddered involuntarily! 'What a weird smile!' she exclaimed. 'What an eerie, ghostly effect. I feel chilled to the heart. Come away from the window. Your neighbor gives me the creeps!'

"I laughed, or tried to, and continued my look out.

"After a few minutes a morgue van drew up in front of the door below, two or three men took out a grewsome pine box and carried it into the house opposite. But my young woman still stood there, watching them silently, and smiling, smiling, always smiling!

"I grew cold and shook with the intensity of a nervous chill, but my neighbor still sat, smiling. Then the flame from the gas jets flaring up suddenly in the room behind her, showed me even more clearly the exquisite outline of her face, and the dash of scarlet velvet around her throat.

"The morgue men had entered the room. I could see them put down their box, and coming to the window they lifted my young and beautiful neighbor.

"As they did so her head dropped abruptly back, and across her throat I saw a gaping scarlet wound, while the cardinal rosette of her white robe was a stain of blood. Swiftly, silently, they deposited her within the pine box.

"She was dead!

# MAIL US A DOLLAR

## It Grows While You Sleep.

We will send you a Clock Savings Bank like this cut if you deposit not less than ONE DOLLAR with us. Your deposit can be sent safely by mail to us, either by P. O. Order, Check, Bank Draft, or by Registered Mail.

THE CLOCK WILL BE SENT BY EXPRESS OR MAIL, PREPAID

We Pay **4** Per Cent Interest and Compound it Semi-Annually.

We own one of the most valuable office buildings in St. Louis. See cut. We have fitted up Room 506 of the United States Trust Building for the convenience of our out-of-town depositors visiting St. Louis. You will find there entire privacy and ample facilities for correspondence.

Our depositors are invited to have their mail addressed care of United States Trust Building, and make this room their headquarters while in St. Louis.

Small Deposits Especially Solicited.



Burlington  
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IN ST. LOUIS

2:15 P. M. TO-DAY.

IN DENVER

3:15 P. M. TO-MORROW

TICKETS AND BERTHS AT  
S. W. CORNER BROADWAY AND  
OLIVE STREET.

Best Passenger Service in  
TEXAS



"No Trouble to Answer Questions."  
Write for Resort Pamphlet and New  
Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,  
DALLAS, TEXAS.

"I had witnessed the finale of one of a great city's numerous and appalling tragedies. My soul sickened and became giddy—it was horrible, horrible!

"And yet, in some strange, inexplicable fashion my subconscious brain seemed aware of the tragedy, even before I saw the woman's form at the window—I had felt the awe and presence of death.

"Had she taken her own life, or had some one killed her? I never knew; I would not look up the case in the papers; I wished to know nothing, or, rather, I knew enough. Her heart, that had been emptied of much while living, had found, beyond, a solution of all problems, and this solution she had tried to impart in her serene though mysterious glance, and in her slow, tender, yet infinitely pitying smile."—*Overland Monthly*.



LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO  
CALIFORNIA.

BANKERS' CONVENTION.

Tickets on sale daily October 8th to 17th. Final limit of tickets November 30th. Fare from St. Louis \$557.50, from Kansas City, \$50.00.

Diverse route permissible. Special train will leave Kansas City via the Union Pacific R. R. at noon, October 14th.

For full information call on or write J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis.



The Order of Precedence: *First Citizen*—We shall have to have these resolutions of thanks about the new library of ours done all over again. *Second Citizen*—What's the matter? *First Citizen*—Why, by a clerical error, the name of the Lord was placed before that of Andrew Carnegie.—*Ex.*



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



## NEATH THE UNION LABEL

Here in this strike-ridden city of Chicago one lives 'neath the union label. At the beginning one's entry into the world is aided by the Matrons' Midwives Union and slap goes the label of this organization on his back. If he be a bottle baby instead of, in the language of Mr. Micawber, "drawing sustenance from nature's fount," the label of the Glassblowers' Union is stamped in the bottle, which contains milk taken from similarly labeled bottles and delivered by the Amalgamated Milk Drivers' Association. As he leaves swaddling clothes behind he steps into garments in whose pockets are sewn the labels of the Garment Makers' Union. Hat, shoes, underwear, stockings, coat, waistcoat and trousers bear that label. He walks on union laid carpet; he bumps his head against union plastered walls. Stamped on his furniture is the label of the Furniture Makers of America. Before he eats his bread or pie he must remove the pasty label of the Bakers' Union. He must drink union beer or none at all. In the street his feet tread union laid pavements. If he moves his goods are carried away by a union truckman. An amalgamated street car conductor asks his fare, and if he goes to a restaurant he is served by a waiter wearing the union button. The union label is stamped in his cigar; his office boy tells him he wants a day off to attend an executive meeting of the Office Boys' Band Society. If his wife objects to having her clothes returned as dirty as they went to the washerwoman, the latter tells her she must take them or be boycotted by the Wash Ladies' Union. His wife doesn't dare discharge the cook or the chambermaid for fear of the ban of the Cook Ladies' Union and the Chamber Ladies' Association. Members of the Floor Swabbers' Society and the Waste Paper Basket Emptiers' Association make his office tidy after the day's work.

He must buy a clean collar, because the Laundry Workers' Union is having a picnic. He climbs ten flights because the Elevator Runners' Association cannot have their annual outing and run elevators at the same time. If his roof leaks only a union roof repairer can fix it, and while he's arriving the ceiling is ruined. If the water pipe bursts on a freezing night only a plumber in good standing in the Plumbers' Union can mend it. He reads only union printed and bound books; he votes for President on union printed ballots in a booth constructed by union carpenters and erected in a union barber shop.

In the course of time he sickens and dies. Union made crape hangs from his door; the body lies in a union made coffin. Flowers culled and arranged by the Gardeners' and Florists' Helpers' Unions fill the room on the day of the funeral. The body is taken to the cemetery in a hearse driven by a member of the Hearse Drivers' Union, and the relatives and friends follow in hacks, on whose boxes are seated members of the Hack Drivers' Union. The body is lowered into a grave dug by union grave diggers, and at the head of the mound is erected a grave stone, quarried by the United Quarry Workers' Union. On

it is chiseled by the Grave Stone Decorators' Division, A. F. L., the following:

Here lies his body:  
A good man and able.  
He lies as he lived,  
'Neath the union label.



We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



## CLOTH GOWNS ARE RUFFLED

Some of the prettiest gown that the dressmakers have to show are made with flounced skirts. This fashion that appeared with the summer foulard and louisines is seen again on the taffeta costumes that are more suitable for the autumn, and the fashion has also been adapted to cloth gowns. A charming gown that has just been sent to Dinard from a Rue de la Paix atelier is of a satin faced with white cloth, the skirt very full and falling from a lot of little folds at the waist line. The fullness of the top is stitched down to make the top flounce, and below this are seven or eight more flounces, all shaped and increasing in depth toward the bottom. The sleeves are made in two cloth flounces over a flounce of lace, with lace embroidered in green and blue chenille forming a cuff. The short bolero is slashed to show a lace ruffle, and a drape of embroidered lace answers for a belt.

Another example of ruffled skirt is made up in a dark blue taffeta—the shade of blue that goes so well with pale green. In this case the skirt is made in real ruffles with headings, not shaped flounces, but the skirt is also shirred about the hips. The ruffles are laid on in points and do not run much higher than the knees. The bodice has a high belt made of lace and green ribbon, with loose box plaits of the silk hanging over this. There is a guimpe of lace, with a raised pattern in green, and this pattern is repeated in the cuffs.



## LESS THAN HALF RATES SOUTH OCTOBER 20.

Round trip tickets via the Mobile & Ohio Railroad will be sold on October 20 to New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery and other Southern points from Chicago and vicinity at rate of \$16.00; from St. Louis, Cairo and intermediate points, \$12.00. Liberal limits and stop-overs. Write Jno. M. Beall, A. G. P. A., M. & O. R. R., St. Louis.



## A WEDDING AU NATURAL

There was a wedding yesterday in Graceless Church.

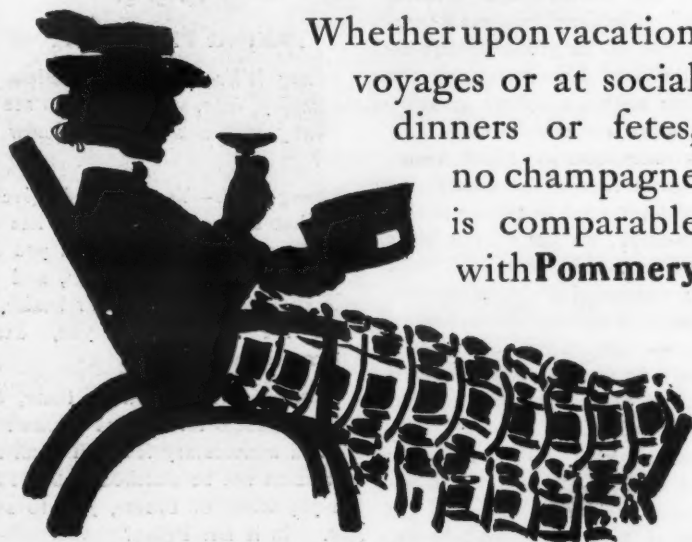
Lord Baldknob, of Kiltshire, England, married Miss Sallie Panhandle, of East Pittsburg.

The bridal party, including the attorneys for both sides, formed in the alcove promptly at 11:30.

At 11:45 the real estate in the bride's name was transferred to his Lordship.

At 11:50 a million dollars in legal tender changed hands.

## POMMERY CHAMPAGNE



Whether upon vacation  
voyages or at social  
dinners or fetes,  
no champagne  
is comparable  
with Pommery

CHARLES GRAEF & CO. Sole Agents for United States,  
32 Beaver Street, New York.

## NEW SHAKESPEAREANA THIRD YEAR

A QUARTERLY Record of Shakespearean scholarship and study, and contemporary and current review of their literature. Conducted by the New York Shakespeare Society, whose membership includes every distinguished Shakespeare scholar in Europe and America.

Imperial 8vo Illustrated. Price 75 Cents  
the Copy, or \$2.50 the Year in Advance

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA is the only magazine devoted to its exclusive field published in English, and one of the only two such periodicals published in the world—the other being the "Jahrbuch," of the German Shakespeare Society, issued annually. No sample copies are furnished.

"None will deny that the extinguishment of Shakespeareana in 1894 was a real loss to letters. It is, therefore, with particular satisfaction that we learn that the Shakespeare Society of New York, with the most favorable outlook, has undertaken the establishment of the new quarterly, to be named NEW SHAKESPEAREANA."—*Times Saturday Review of Books*, April 13, 1901.

"Diese neue Shakespeare-Zeitschrift ist sehr willkommen."—*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, 1902.

"Coming from so dignified and notable a source as The New York Shakespeare Society, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA is, of course, scholarly in tone, dignified in purpose and artistic in form."—*New York Dramatic Mirror*, October 12, 1901.

## THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS

PUBLISHERS

Westfield, Union County, N. J., U. S. A.

At high noon all the railroad first mortgage bonds known to be the bride's possession were handed over.

A vote of thanks was then passed to his Lordship for leaving the bride's father enough to live on comfortably until the next rise in Wall street, which is predicted for next spring.

At 12:15 two bishops, four clergymen,

two real estate lawyers, and a barrister, representing the plaintiff, pronounced the benediction.

The groom will pass the next three weeks with his bride at his estates in England, after the roof has been repaired.

After this, it is understood, they will separate and enter society.—*Life*.



## CHURCH "GRAFT"

If the Christian Church cannot get along without forcing unwilling contributions from the community, it would better shut its doors. Church "graft" is no new thing, but people are getting tired of it. There are signs of open protest in place of the grudging acquiescence and concealed contempt of the past. It has been the custom in many cities and towns for churches to levy tribute upon merchants in various forms. For the church supper the grocer and the baker are expected to make gifts or ruinous discounts; for the church bazar the storekeepers of all sorts are "held up" by the women of the congregation. Loss of custom is not exactly threatened as the penalty for refusal, but a merchant usually knows what will happen if he ventures to deny any request that has a church back of it.

The most modern form of church graft is the support of local church papers by means of advertising, and of conventions or other gatherings by advertising in programmes. There is a convenient fiction to the effect that this is a business transaction, in which so much valuable space is sold for a fair equivalent. Nobody is deceived by this except, possibly, the good people who are getting their church printing done free. The merchant never hears from such advertisements, but he is not disappointed. He does not expect results. His attitude in the matter is either one of good-natured condescension, or of unwilling concession to a form of taxation intended to assure the good will of desirable customers who are easily offended.

It is hard to see how self-respecting churches can consent to put themselves in the position of mendicants appealing for aid in carrying on the work of the congregation. The argument that only by advertising can church papers be kept up is a poor one. If the church cannot afford to pay for the small amount of weekly or monthly printing that is actually necessary, let it invest in a duplicating machine of some sort and do its own printing. There are cases, of course, in which church papers may become really valuable advertising mediums, owing to enterprising management and large circulation, and advertisers may invest their money with the expectation of return. In such cases there is no "graft," and no loss of self-respect. But so long as the church persists in trying to make the world pay its bills, Christian beneficence will lag, religion will languish, and the ungodly will grin. —Christendom.

How it Happened: Rooney—Where did ye git th' black eye, Moike? Clancy—Why, Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an' 'twas me advised Tim t' git married.—Judge.

Towne—I suppose you have heard that old Lawyer Sharpe is lying at the point of death? Browne—No. Well, well, the ruling passing strong in death, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

"Mr. Nozzleton," she said, "if you try to hug and kiss me again I shall call

papa." "Where is your father?" he asked. "He's in the Yellowstone Park, and will be beyond mail or telegraphic communication for three weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## TAKING PRECAUTIONS

Young Wife—There's a gentleman in the library, dear, who wishes to see you.

Young Husband—Do you know who it is?

Young Wife—You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so much of late, and you don't know how anxious I've been, and you take such poor care of your health, and—oh, if I were to lose you, darling. (Bursts into tears.)

Young Husband—There, there, dear! Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right. You must not be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellet?

Young Wife—No, it is not a doctor; it is a—a life insurance agent.

Medium (at spiritual séance)—"Is Mr. Keezicks present? His deceased wife wishes to communicate with him." Mr. Keezicks (in an agitated voice)—"Tell her I'd rather not. I'm married again." —Chicago Tribune.

"Fine, wasn't it?" exclaimed Citiman, after the trombone soloist had finished his star performance; "that was really clever, eh?" "Oh, shucks," replied the Milpitas country cousin; "he didn't fool me a little bit. That's one o' them trick horns. He didn't really swallow it." —Ex.

Could Keep a Secret: Smith—May I make a confidant of you? Jones—Why, certainly. Smith—Well, I'm hard up and want ten pounds. Jones—You can trust me; I am as silent as the grave. I have heard nothing.—Pick-Me-Up.

More Coming: It is reported that a young married man of Golconda, wrapped in the greatest excitement, flew to the telegraph office of his town and wired his wife's relatives a happening as follows: "Twins to-day, more to-morrow."—Lyre.

An Unfair Deal: "Tried to skin me, that scribbler did!" "What did he want?" "Wanted to get out a book jointly, he to write the book and I to write the advertisements. I turned him down. I wasn't going to do all the literary work!" —Baltimore News.

\$12.00 TO NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN.

Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell round trip tickets at above rate from St. Louis and Cairo, Ill., and intermediate stations to New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery and other Southern points on October 20. Liberal limits and stop-overs. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

## 43rd Annual St. Louis Fair

Opens Monday, October 5th.

Grand Outdoor Horse Show and Live Stock Exhibitions, Unequaled Displays in the Agricultural Implements, Machinery, Vegetable and Grain Departments.

## Special Free Attractions in Amphitheater

THE NOVINS—Sensational Fire Dive From 80-Foot Tower.

PROF. GILBERT'S Performing Goat Circus.

HERR. GRANADA and MME. FEDORA—Sensational High Wire Act.

PROF. HUTCHINSON—Thrilling Cutaway Balloon Ascension and Parachute Leaps, With Exploding Bombs.

Fall Race Meeting Opens Saturday, Oct. 1st  
Six High Class Races Each Day,  
commencing at 2 P. M.

GENERAL ADMISSION 50c

## GERMAN THEATER

"ODEON"

Heinemann & Welb - - - - - Managers

TO-NIGHT, OCTOBER 8,

"Der Probepfeil"

(Cupid's Trial Dart.)  
Comedy by Blumenthal.

Curtain rises at 8 o'clock sharp. Carriages 10:30. Box Office at Field's Music Store, Odeon, and Max Zapf, 504 Olive Street, for reserved seats.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9,

"Verliebte Maedchen"

(Lovelorn Maidens)  
A Musical Farce.

THE KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL  
BIG FOUR

St. Louis to Cincinnati.  
St. Louis to New York.  
St. Louis to Boston.

My Dear Wife:

"I am in the Library Car on the Knickerbocker. Is it not wonderful that I can write a letter while the train is running 50 miles an hour? The track is very smooth."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,  
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A., ST. LOUIS.

## GRAND

Mats. Wed., Sat.  
Good Seats, 25c.

Night Prices, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Special Matinee Thursday,

HANLON BROTHER'S SUPERBA

New Edition of  
Next Sunday Matinee, Oct. 11. The Shea Amusement Co. presents GEORGE EVANS, ("Honey Boy") in a \$25,000 production of the Big, New Musical Comedy, "THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME"

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Wm. A. Brady presents

Way  
Down East

Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY,

Mrs. Wiggs

OF THE  
Cabbage Patch

Reserved Seats Thurs.

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

Wagenhals & Kemper  
present

BLANCHE WALSH

IN

Resurrection.

Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY,

The Walter Jones

Comic Opera Co.

IN

THE SLEEPY KING.

Reserved Seats Thurs.

Imperial 25c Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.  
Matinees Daily, 25c  
Get the Habit.

Fair Week, Starting Sun. Mat., Oct. 4,  
Mr. E. S. Willard's great production

The Middleman

NEXT WEEK,

The Scout's Revenge

## STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

The

Cherry

Blossoms

NEXT WEEK,

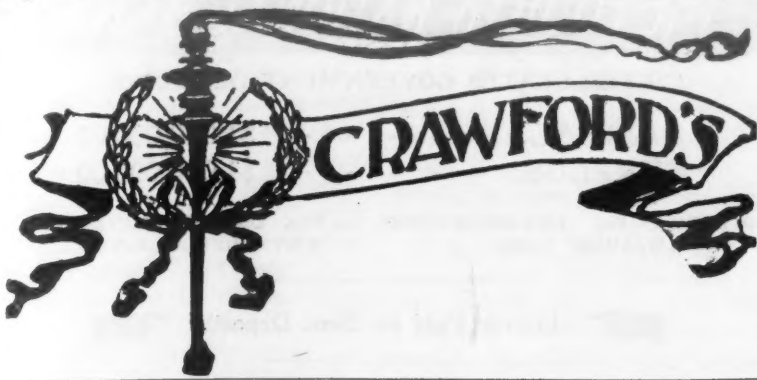
The

Parisian

Widows

Round World Tour 22nd Season. Special Limited Party leave New York, Oct. 14, 1903, visiting Hawaii, Japan, China, Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, The Riviera, etc. For full particulars and itinerary, address, Mrs. M. A. Croxley, 502 Bedford ave Brooklyn, N. Y.





No such prices elsewhere  
on such high-class goods



## MUSLIN UNDERWEAR DEPT.

(SECOND FLOOR)

All-Wool Eiderdown Bath  
Robes, sleeves and collar  
embroidered; gray and  
red—

**SPECIAL PRICE**  
**\$3.75**

Women's Flannelette Night  
Dresses, made full width  
and length—

**SPECIAL PRICE**  
**50c, 75c, \$1.00**

## Ladies' and Children's Hosiery and Knit Underwear

**SPECIAL PRICES**

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed, Fleece-lined  
Cotton Vests—high neck, long  
sleeves and short, pants to match  
50c goods—Special, 3 for \$1.00;  
each ..... 35c

Ladies' Light-weight, Jersey ribbed  
Vests—high neck, long and short  
sleeves, pants to match—Forest  
Mills and Munsing make—best  
goods made for the money—each. 50c

Ladies' Fleece-lined, Jersey Ribbed  
Union Suits—silk trimmed, pearl  
buttons—seconds—\$1.00 quality—  
Special, per suit ..... 43c

Children's Fleece-lined, Jersey  
Ribbed Union Suits—drop seats—  
35c grade—choice ..... 25c



## HOSIERY! HOSIERY!! HOSIERY!!!

Ladies' Imported French Lisle  
Thread Hose—fancy stripes—50c  
goods—choice, per pair ..... 25c

Ladies' Imported Fast Black All-  
over Lace Lisle Thread Hose—48c  
grade—choice ..... 29c

Boys' Fast Black Ribbed Cotton  
Hose—sizes a little broken—19c  
quality—to close ..... 10c

Children's and Infants' Imported  
Fast Black 1x1 Ribbed Cotton  
Hose—25c grade—choice ..... 15c

Hosiery Dep't Moved for the Winter to the Second Aisle East

FIFTH FLOOR.

## Pianos

FIFTH FLOOR.

On rearranging our Piano stock to make room for the carload of new Pianos just received we discovered a few of our old stock that were somewhat shopworn—nothing very bad, just a rub here and a scratch there on the cases, but otherwise they are in good shape. It is, however, a standing order at "CRAWFORD'S" that nothing in any way damaged can be offered as "brand-new," so here is a great chance to get a fine Piano at a bargain.

- A \$200.00 DENNISTON Piano, in mahogany case, ivory and ebony keys, only slightly marred—price ..... \$169.00
  - A \$225.00 ROYAL Piano, walnut case, handsomely carved; has a beautiful tone—this one is but chipped a little on the edge—price ..... \$195.00
  - A \$250.00 CRAWFORD Piano, in handsome Marquette decorated mahogany case—no need to tell what the CRAWFORD is—this one is rubbed on side and has a scratch on leg—price ..... \$215.00
  - A \$350.00 KRELL Piano, in San Domingo mahogany case—its tone quality is superb, and its construction is unsurpassed—this is probably the one most damaged of the lot, and that is not saying very much—its price, however, will be just ..... \$275.00
- There are one or two others that will be sold at like prices, and, of course, on our usual liberal terms.

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60-inch All-Linen Bleached Scotch Double  
Damasks, extra good finish, in floral de-  
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20-inch All-Linen Bleached Dinner Napkins,  
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500 full-size White Hemmed Crochet Bed-  
spreads, Marseilles patterns—Special Price,  
a Spread ..... 89c

### TOWELS! TOWELS!

200 dozen 18x32 Hemmed Red Bordered  
Huck Towels—Special Price, a Towel.... 7½c

### TOWELING

2,000 yards 20-inch All-Linen Brown Roller  
Crash, extra heavy warp—the 12½c quali-  
ty—Special Price, a yard ..... 9c

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



## THE STOCK MARKET

Some improvement in speculative sentiment can be noted in Wall street. While there is no robust optimism in any quarter, the impression is gradually spreading among the *haute finance*, that the worst of the crisis has been passed and that the near future should witness a moderate recovery in the prices of all leading issues. The bear element did some urgent extensive covering in the last few days. On every little decline it could be noticed that contracts for short account were made good. This sign of wavering on the part of the bear phalanx led to some substantial buying for long account, that is to say, for people who have for many weeks been waiting for the outcropping of strong evidence that the bear campaign had run its course.

The speculative and investing community has sustained awful losses in the last ten months. It has had an experience it will never forget. It has been the victim of the most deceptive of deceptions. It has been fooled to the top of its bent. When, in the early part of the year, some prominent Eastern papers came to the front with the declaration that the bear raid in Wall street was egregiously preposterous, that it had no justification in fact or theory, and that prices had been reduced to an uncommonly low level, many heavy purchases of the better class of shares were made for vigilantly expectant bargain-hunters, who labored under the delusion, perhaps justifiable at the time, that the downward movement was purely manipulative in character and design, and that it would soon and inevitably result in the complete rout of the aggressive bear contingent. But, alas! After these "bargain-purchases" had been made at what seemed like advantageous prices, the hammering of prices was resumed with intensified vigor. The best class of shares succumbed to the dextrous, relentless bear tactics. New York Central, after dropping from 170 to 140, made another dive, and finally succeeded in reaching almost 110. Pennsylvania made a similar record; so did St. Paul, Northwestern common and other prominent stocks.

The sensational *krach* was accompanied by reported strikes, weakness in iron and steel business, bankruptcies of several bloated trust creations, disturbances in money rates and a gravely perturbed state of affairs on the other side of the Atlantic. Then the securities of the largest corporation in this country began to reflect enormous liquidation for the account of insiders and to recede to figures which would have been regarded as impossible a year ago, and sell-

ing movement increased in scope and eagerness until it seemed, at times, as if the market were on the verge of the direst panic witnessed for many a year.

At the present time, the belief obtains among some influential people that the bottom has been reached, and that purchases may again be made with comparative safety. This belief is based, principally, on the unprecedented dimensions of the decline; on the assumption that stocks have drifted into strong hands; that the bear account has grown distended and unwieldy; that no serious disturbance in money rates is likely this fall, and that general business conditions will continue satisfactory. Undoubtedly there is considerable excuse for the formation of such a hopeful opinion regarding present and prospective stock market conditions. The low level of prices now current discounts a multitude of possible or probable bear factors. Taken as a whole, crops are sufficiently large to assure railroads of another year of big earnings, and the industries of the Nation are, in spite of the cuts in steel prices, still in a gratifying, prosperous condition.

In carefully considering the Wall street list of shares and bonds, one cannot but be struck with the unusually low range of quotations. Some stocks of the best sort are no higher than they were at the beginning of the late boom, in 1898. Pennsylvania, which now sells at about 119, sold at 123½ in 1898; New York Central, now quoted at 117½, sold at 115½ in the same year, when it paid only 4 per cent in dividends; Northwestern common, which now pays 7 per cent instead of 5 per cent, may be bought at a price which is barely twelve points above the highest of 1898. Similar striking comparisons could be made in the bond list. As a matter of fact, Wall street now offers real bargains, greater ones than it has for a long time.

Why is it that these bargains are neglected so persistently? Why is it that at a time when railroad earnings are breaking all records, when wages are unprecedentedly high, when the Federal treasury is filled to overflowing with the precious yellow metal, why is it, we ask, that investment demand is at such low ebb and speculation in the doldrums? Why is it that people who eagerly bought stocks when they were from fifty to a hundred points higher, will not touch them now under any consideration?

The answer to this seeming enigma is not difficult to find. What we witness is not speculative indifference, but speculative distrust. Among the rank and

### CONDENSED OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.,

St. Louis, Mo., September 9, 1903.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and discounts .....	\$13,576,377.64	Capital .....	\$ 3,000,000.00
Bonds and stocks .....	9,675,065.91	Surplus and profits .....	5,294,546.89
Overdrafts .....	31,569.74	Deposits .....	19,313,380.87
Real estate .....	584,934.75	Reserve, interest and taxes .....	95,500.00
Safety deposit vaults .....	72,000.00	Reserve, reinsurance bonds .....	42,356.10
Cash and sight exchange .....	3,905,613.80	All other liabilities .....	123,656.15
All other resources .....	23,878.17		
	<b>\$27,869,440.01</b>		<b>\$27,869,440.01</b>

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.

JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.

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file of professional traders and among the multitude of outsiders, the optimism of leading financiers is not shared. There, the lesson of the past ten months has been brought home and engendered the deep-seated suspicion that the Wall street crash was less of a bear campaign than a genuine wave of liquidation started and furthered by Wall street notabilities of the first rank. There, it is well understood that such low prices as are now current could never have been established, but for the multiplication of factors which convinced "overloaded" syndicates that the time had come to let go and to stand from under.

At the present writing, things have quieted down to some degree. It would be exceedingly rash and illogical, however, to assume that the protracted downward movement is at once to be followed by an extensive, roaring rise. Bull campaigns are not made or started over night. They have to be carefully planned and conducted. They cannot be successfully carried on without the public. And as the public is not in the mood or position to participate in bull maneuvers, it does not appear very likely that the expected rally will go further than is warranted by the size of outstanding bear contracts.

After a while, of course, the bulls will again take charge of affairs, and, perhaps, lift quotations more substantially than anybody would consider probable at the present time. For those, however, who still dream of a complete reversal of the speculative tide, and of a return to former "buy-any-old-thing" conditions, there is a sad disappointment in store.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been a slight increase in activity in the local market of late, but to the prejudice of values. With hardly any exceptions, the list of bonds and stocks is decidedly lower. Of course, the "slump" in New York still exerts its influence upon the mind and actions of local speculators. Those who, unluckily, had commitments in both Wall street and St. Louis issues have been compelled, as a rule, to sacrifice part of their holdings at big losses. Taken all around, the situation is not encouraging from a bull standpoint.

In bank and trust company shares there is a good deal of quiet, though insistent selling. At one time, it looked as if Third National were about to break through its three hundred dollar notch. Several lots sold at 301. Nominal and actual quotations for other shares in this group are all lower.

St. Louis Transit displayed marked weakness in the last few days. It now sells at 16. United Railways preferred dropped abruptly to 62. Transactions were quite heavy in both these stocks. United Railways 4s are likewise lower; 79 3/4 is now bid for them.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are offered at 92 3/4; 92 is bid. Missouri-Edison 5s are quoted at 95 bid. No sale has been made for some time.

Money is firmer. Interest rates are 5 1/2 and 6 per cent. Shipments of currency to interior points continue. Sterling exchange is lower, the last quotation being \$4.86 3/4. Bank clearances in

St. Louis showed a satisfactory gain last week.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. S. V., Concordia, Kan.—There have been no sales of stock mentioned in the last four months. Think you would have to sell at a big loss at present time. Would, therefore, await a more auspicious opportunity.

F. R., Macon, Mo.—You might hold Great Western for a little while. Am very doubtful, however, as to whether it will rally sufficiently to let you out unharmed. The school bonds referred to are first-class.

W. A. T.—Would prefer holding United preferred for the present. Selling appears to be of a most suspicious character. The bank stock is too high.

S. J., Helena, Ark.—Don't touch Republic Iron & S. common. People's Gas is not attractive.

A. L.—Never heard of such a stock. You must be misinformed. Would not advise buying scrip mentioned. Consider Wabash 2d 5s good investment.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



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# The Story of San Antonio.

FROM St. Louis to San Antonio on a fast-flying palace on wheels! The whole history of the most stupendous strides of human progress can be read in moving pictures from the window. The vastest, richest, fairest, most potential empire ever subdued and won by man; the garden region of the Louisiana Territory, which was the greatest expanse of virgin land ever annexed to civilization without appeal to arms; a rosary of monumental cities linked by the most productive farming communities on the globe; the genesis of a virile nation in living pictures spread as far as the eye can see from the west margin of the Mississippi, where the mighty metropolis of the Central Valley rises, to the fading, crumbling evidences of an antique civilization that is swiftly giving way to the resistless, trade-building, beauty-loving, world-conquering advances of the youngest of nations.

Nor is there in this ride from St. Louis to the far city of Texas any phase or feature of the history or geography of the country which is left out or obscured. The alternating landscapes, the various cities, the verdure clad mountains, the river drained valleys of Missouri, the horizon reaching, grain-laden plains of Kansas; the rich and waiting fields of Indian Territory, where the red nomads of a century ago are now in the process of final assimilation with their white brethren; the matchless farms, orchards and cities of northern Texas, where modern methods and ambitious pioneers have already transformed the region into a prolific garden; clear down to the historic city of San Antonio, where Spanish priests and soldiers built the first milestones of western progress, there is not a moment of the journey that is not rife with the evidences of a mighty growth, that is not vocal with the story of a wilderness subdued and made to burgeon with the riches and the beauties of a home.

It was the bonny cavaliers of France who planted the banner of the fleur de lis at St. Louis, then the outpost of the western course of empire. It was the steel-clad paladins of Spain who first flung to the breezes of the western world at San Antonio, the red and yellow standards of Aragon and Castile! Sometime about 1690 it was that Alonzo de Leon, knight of Spain, with an army of sun-browned Catalonians, came from his frail ships into Texas and named the uncharted wilderness "New Philippines," in honor of his liege lord Philip V. Eighty-four years before the American colonies declared their independence of a foreign yoke, San Antonio was founded. From the headwaters of the San Antonio river, and along the sedgy margins of San Pedro creek, with infinite industry, these brown-robed dreamers of the empire that was to come, set up their hearthstones and dug their water-ditches.

With their hearts in the old world and their backs upon the young republic rising in the New England States, they builded better than they knew, for, all unconsciously, they began the work that was to lead finally to the rejuvenation and the redemption of a region which, for inherent splendors and native gifts, is without parallel in all America.

In the old days, say twenty-five years ago, when most of us were boys, pretty near everybody who read

at all could tell you about a little book by Edward Everett Hale, called "A Man Without a Country." It has never been lost sight of by book-lovers, for it is a rarely beautiful story, fit alike for child or man and full of a noble spirit of patriotism which has not been improved upon by the latter-day story-writers and historians. Dr. Hale is yet living, and I have often wondered why he has had nothing to say, pro or con, in the many learned controversies that have, from time to time, sprung up about Aaron Burr and the famous conspiracy which had for its purpose the establishment of an empire in Texas, or in the far Southwest.

Without wishing to suggest that the unfortunate Burr is entitled to any sympathy, I have always thought the secret of his strange and sometimes unaccountable conduct in the outlandish expedition which started at Blennerhasset Island in the Ohio river and ended in the exile, disgrace and utter desolation of one of the brightest men in colonial history, is definitely exploited in Dr. Hale's little story of "The Man Without a Country." For it deals with a young fellow named Philip Nolan, a Texan, a fine, sturdy, freedom-loving soldier of fortune, who wandered from the pampas wilderness of Texas into the American army. From involuntary admiration of the brilliant Burr, he became a friend and even a lieutenant of the famous conspirator, and with no thought of treason against the United States, dreamed of a supreme and independent empire in the Southwest.

In these days, and familiar with Texas as only one of the many commonwealths which form our national patrimony, it is not easy to understand or palliate the day-dreams of Aaron Burr, or the seeming fatuity of such men as Philip Nolan. But the latter, at least, was not of the United States by birth or association. His chance adoption of the profession of arms had led him into the army, a soldier of fortune, a mercenary, if you please, and he could not understand what "business" the United States had "to meddle" with Texas. Born in its sunny uplands, raised upon its horizon-touching prairies, Nolan knew only that Texas was an empire in size and possibilities.

At that time the vast region lying between the Rio Grande and the Red Rivers, and stretching almost 800 miles from the Gulf of Mexico to what is now the boundary of Arizona, half the width of the whole expanse of this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was neither tributary to, affiliated with, or considered by General Washington and the Continental army which was fighting for American liberty. To Nolan's audacious mind there could be no treason in throwing off an almost feudal yoke of Spanish-Mexican rule and making of Texas a nation of freemen, even as the New England States were then doing for their own. And so, when they arrested him, a Texan by birth and heritage, and old Col. Morgan, a friend of Washington, who conducted the court martial, asked him what he had to say in his defense, what wonder that his boyish spirit rebelled against the charge of treason, what wonder that he struck the table with his fist and shouted:

"Oh, damn the United States! I wish I may never hear the name again!"

Read in these days of concrete national unity, those words do sound blasphemous, and even then the sentence which was passed upon young Nolan had in it the severity of outraged patriotism, smiting with an iron hand even this thoughtless insult to an institution destined to become the foremost nation of the world. Nolan was sentenced to have his wish—never to hear the name, never to see the shores, never to even read the glorious story of his country's triumphs. I hope you'll get that story and read it. Give it to your boy. It will give him an insight into the meaning of the much used word "patriotism" that volumes of history and wise preachments will not yield. And, incidentally, it will, if you follow up the fascinating story of Texas' later development, give you, Mr. Man of Affairs, another explanation of the very reprehensible, but natural outburst of young Nolan: "Damn the United States," etc.

In spite of his blundering tongue and undisciplined mind, in that unwise sentence, that unhappy soldier forecasted something of the destiny of his State. For lo! in this year of our Lord 1903, Texas, with its 265,780 square miles of teeming land, is admittedly the largest, richest, most potential single agricultural region with a sufficient coast line, on the globe. It is the only State in the Union with room enough for a population great enough to consume its total production of food, fabrics and building material; it is the only area in the world in which the native resources of fuel, iron, water, stone and lumber are sufficient to enable its maximum population to exist and flourish without drawing upon the products of any outside State or nation.

No Texan will ever say "Damn the United States" again, but the day is at hand when the farmer, the miner, the merchant, the manufacturer and the citizen of that incomparable State can come pretty near feeling certain that climatically, agriculturally, industrially, socially and financially, the rest of the world can "go to."

Know the story of the Alamo? It's fine stuff for American men. It limns forth from the historic pages of a century ago the true expression of the Texas Spirit. It was the most stupendous, the most sagacious and the most "nervy" real estate transaction ever consummated by man in the brief period of eleven days. It cost something, of course; 187 of the bravest men that ever saw the sun "passed in their checks" on the deal, and more than 2,000 Mexican soldiers bound the bargain with their lives. But that battle about the old church which yet stands in the plaza of San Antonio, gave liberty to the "Nation of Texas," and ultimately added more than one hundred and seventy million acres to the United States. No band of heroes of the armies of George Washington accomplished so splendid a feat at arms. The charge of the six hundred was a cake-walk stepped to the applause of two admiring armies, compared to it. The fights at Lucknow, and Cremona, and Plevna and Thermopylae, the last stand of the old guard at Waterloo, the hollow square of Quatre Bras, the Irish charge at Fontenoy, the destruction of the allied armies at Austerlitz and a dozen other famous deeds at arms are, I dare say, familiar to every man and boy who reads and thrills to the fine impulse of courage, but none is quite so superbly tragic as the Alamo.

(To be Continued.)



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